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ADAPTATIONS FROM RUSSIAN LITERATURE
" "
FOR UPPER ELEMENTARY GRADES

by

EDITH HUFFMAN
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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

The achievements of modern science have so far out-distanced social development throughout the world that man is inadequately prepared for the close interassociation of present day life. The doctrines that developed in a period when isolation was not only desired but also inevitable are outmoded today. Science has so modified the natural and geographic factors of the world that interdependence has become a prerequisite of modern living.

The races of men live together in the world - -all united by a common bond of humanity - -many divided by individual environmental, racial, social, and political heritages. History has proved that one nation cannot live to itself, for the problems of one will have an ultimate effect upon all. Total resources must be combined for the good of all mankind.

The instruments of science can raise the level of civilization to unsuspected heights. The misuse of the same forces may greatly lower the level of civilization.

The peoples of the world are aware of the discrepancy between scientific and social development. They are receptive to the idea of international friendship and cooperation, and are actively seeking some means whereby such ideals may be realized. Similar efforts have been made before, but never under the pressure of necessity that is present today, and never at the demands of so many people who have known the devastation of total war.

The successful outcome of the United Nations Conference in San Francisco in April and May, 1945, is evidence that the nations of the world are anxious to devise an instrument that will reduce the possibility of future war.

Justification of the Problem

. . . a peaceful future is dependent in a large measure on a mass production of world citizens. Whole populations must be freed from the provincialisms that now breed misunderstandings, hatred, and war. Though such mass production of world citizens is a tremendous and intimidating task, it is not impossible.¹

The whole future of the peace is closely connected with the ability of our people to become citizens of the world, as well as citizens of America. These things can come about only by a type of education that will provide us with sympathetic understanding of the problems and national aspirations of the nations with which we must live.

We urgently need such a type of education with respect to Soviet Russia.²

This enterprise must be promoted by all the organizations of society, but its success will be determined by the efforts the schools of the world are willing to make. Education has been effective as a means of destruction. It will be equally as effective when used as a means of reconstruction and peace. Education is the gateway to a peaceful world community.

The development of world citizens will not result from a study of one subject or from passing from one grade to another; it must be part of the total school experience. It is, however, the responsibility of the elementary school to lay the firm foundation of world citizenship,

1. McNutt, Franklin H. "World Citizenship - - Today's Problem, Tomorrow's Reality," Childhood Education, XX (September, 1943), 10.

2. Simmons, Ernest J. "American Windows on Russia," Survey Graphic, XXXIII (February, 1944), 121.

for it is there that the fundamental attitudes toward life can be formed and guided. "The world citizen does not become such by conversion in middle years."³

Hanna says that these future citizens of the world community are in the schools of the United States today and that what is done to and with them will have its effect on the quality of the society of tomorrow, for it is these children who will take the leadership at peace conferences throughout the century in establishing a world community organization.⁴

Wishful thinking and half-hearted efforts will not suffice. Such growth will necessitate the ingenuity and careful thinking of every member of the teaching profession, for the development of world citizens will demand sweeping changes in everyone's way of thinking and living. The characteristics of the world citizen must be isolated, that they may be readily apparent.

The world citizen has historical perspective. This inevitably frees him from chauvinism, gives him a certain humility. He not only knows other cultures, he sympathetically understands them. He knows that there are many good ways to live. Though sensitive to variants and glad they exist, his point of departure is the whole, not the part; mankind, not races. Individuals and groups he values for what they are, and he does not interfere with them unless their aggression threatens his own way of life. He is contemptuous of bigotry, social conceit, and vulgar self-interest. He is never a crusader.⁵

Though the development of world citizens seems an immense undertaking, there is need for such individuals in world affairs today. This need will grow more pressing in coming years. Future security will depend

3. McNutt, op. cit., p. 11.

4. Hanna, Paul R. "Toward a World Community," Childhood Education, XIX (September, 1942), 3.

5. McNutt, op. cit., p. 11.

upon the successful development of desirable traits in all individual members of society. The United States has emerged from a period of intense isolation and nationalism to play an important part in international affairs. Today this nation is recognized as one of the most influential powers in the world. The position the United States has assumed imposes upon its citizens the duty of taking the leadership in developing an international outlook. The people of the United States have certain national characteristics that will not be an asset to the world citizen. As a nation:

We must shed our irritating provincialisms, our bland assumption of blanket superiority, our arrogance, our hyper-sensitivity to fine gradations of color, our tendency to economic imperialism, and our suspicion of ways that are unlike our own. On the positive side, we must seek to understand them, other cultures, to know and to give recognition to their specific excellencies.⁶

Royce H. Knapp asserts:

A brave new world can grow from the tormented one of today if we will work for it. The major portion of this work must be done by adults, but children too have responsibilities in learning to live in a world in which its diversities are many and its unity is already being established. There are richnesses in the world's diversities when we understand them. But there is danger in ignorance. There is danger in an enforced unity, but there is greatness about a unity which rises full blown because people see the valuable and enduring world-encircling frame of reference of the arts, humanities, sciences, and ideas.⁷

Concerning the role of the school in the development of an understanding of other cultures, Charters says that children need to learn that the other peoples of the world are". . . fundamentally reasonable people with drives, ideals, aims, and purposes which are as sound, as just and as rational for them as ours are for us."⁸

6. Ibid., p. 13.

7. Knapp, Royce H. "Tomorrow's World and Today's Children-Some Emerging Guidelights," Childhood Education, XX (October, 1943), 54.

8. Charters, W. W. "Understanding Versus Tolerance," Educational Research Bulletin, XXI (May 13, 1942), 150.

In schools we must build strongly on the mutual respect little children have for one another regardless of race, color, religion, or other such factors. We must develop the geographic, historical, economic, and social backgrounds which make anarchistic nationalism an impractical pattern of human association in an age of science and power-machines. Here is a program for every school in every civilized nation in the world to follow. In short, the school must take the responsibility for developing the factual basis for the brotherhood of man, based upon mutual self-respect.⁹

Many cultures have been stressed in the classrooms of the United States. Others that by size, geographic location, and importance should have received more attention have been ignored. Some of these very cultures are the ones that will be of great importance in the future. Henry A. Wallace has made the following statement: ". . .the most important growing points of the world for the next century will be Asia, Russia, and Latin America."¹⁰ The new world center will be the Pacific. On its shores the powerful nations of the future are developing- -yet little is known of these peoples and their cultures. They have been barely touched on in the schools. The future of the United States will depend upon its relations with them. These people cannot be ignored longer. Wallace presents pertinent reasons why we must win their friendship:

Asia is on the move. Asia distrusts Europe because of its "superiority complex". We must give them reason to trust us. We must demonstrate to Russia and China, in particular, that we have faith in the future of the common man in those two countries. We can be helpful to both China and Russia and in being helpful can be helpful to ourselves and to our children. In planning our relationships today with Russia and China, we must think of the world situation as it will be forty years hence. The Russian population will be 250,000,000, and Russia and Asia together will represent more than half the population of the whole world.¹¹

9. Hanna, op. cit., p. 4.

10. Wallace, Henry A. "Two Peoples-One Friendship," Survey Graphic XXXIII (February, 1944), 41.

11. Ibid.

Recent developments in communication and transportation have caused the world to shrink so rapidly that these once distant nations have become close neighbors of the United States. "We must never allow ourselves to be put in a position which is antagonistic to Russia and Asia."¹² In view of Russia's role in present day world affairs, and the possibilities of her future position, it is amazing to realize that:

During the past decade, America's knowledge and understanding of Russia dwindled to the point where the average reader was probably more familiar with Inca civilization than he was with contemporary life in the Soviet Union.¹³

The need for pertinent information concerning the other peoples of the world is becoming increasingly more important. Not only do adults need such information, but also it must be made available to children in a form that they can readily understand. Stories and other types of literature should be given to them that they may enter imaginatively and emotionally into the lives of people the world over.¹⁴ To gain genuine insight into the character and culture of other peoples:

We must know much more of how these peoples live and why they so live. We must know the stories they love, the games they play, the songs they sing, the heroes they revere, the God they worship. We must know how they look at the world and at us. Only through such information can we gain the insight we must have.¹⁵

Teachers must provide experiences that will give children such understandings. This will necessitate an adequate supply of material that also meets the needs of children. Stories will be needed for

12. Ibid.

13. Caldwell, Erskine. "Books About Russia-Books From Russia," Publisher's Weekly, CXLI (June 13, 1942), 2192.

14. Frogner, Ellen. "Books For a Friendly World," Elementary English Review, XX (October, 1943), 225.

15. McNutt, op. cit., p. 13.

children to read, for through the concrete experiences of the individuals in stories they gain an understanding of the different ways people live.¹⁶

. . . in this period of confusion when inventors are perfecting new ideas, there is one service basic to all ideas that the schools can immediately contribute to the education of youth. They can change the attitude of youth from tolerance to understanding.

.
In the new global world which is emerging there is no place for tolerance.¹⁷

Charters continues:

The schools have an emergency task to quickly assemble all that is known about the cultures of other people and select and organize experiences for the schoolroom so that the United States can take its place in world affairs as a wise and intelligent participant. Their major and immediate contribution is to promote understanding.¹⁸

Statement of the Problem

This thesis has three aspects: first, the development of criteria for use in the selection and adaptation of Russian literature for children in the upper elementary grades; second, the use of criteria in the selection and adaptation of the stories; third, the validation of the adapted selections by presenting the stories to children and by subsequent testing.

In the development of the problem it was necessary to find adequate answers to the following questions:

- I. What are the story interests of such children?
- II. What are the criteria for vocabulary and style?
- III. What are the psychological and social needs of such children?

16. Frogner, loc. cit.

17. Charters, op. cit., pp. 149-150.

18. Ibid., p. 151.

Fundamental Assumption

For the purposes of this study, it is assumed that one may trust a nation's evaluation of its literature, and that such works as are highly esteemed by that nation will inevitably reflect some phase of the national character.

Method Used

A. A careful survey of reference sources was made to eliminate the possibility of duplicating previous work done in this field.

There were no related studies in this area.

B. A careful survey was made of the professional literature relating to the interests of children, style in writing for children, vocabulary, and the psychological and social needs of children.

C. The selected criteria were submitted to a committee of experts in the fields of Education, English, and Library Science to give its selection greater validity. Certain recommendations were made by this committee and the criteria were revised to incorporate these recommendations.

D. The criteria were applied to Russian literature.

E. The stories were validated through experiments with children.

CHAPTER II

CRITERIA FOR USE IN THE SELECTION AND ADAPTATION OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE FOR THE UPPER ELEMENTARY GRADES

Introduction

Certain criteria such as those for interest, vocabulary, appropriate style, and the psychological and social needs of children were necessary for the selection and adaptation of Russian stories for American children of the upper elementary grades.

Chapter II is concerned with a survey of professional literature in such areas, and is followed by the selection of the needed criteria.

Children's Reading Interests

The first survey made was of investigations in the field of children's interests in reading. Particular attention was given to those studies concerned with the reading interests of children in the upper elementary grades.

Of the interests of both boys and girls, it may be said:

In the main, books hold three kinds of interests for children, They evoke memories of the child's own everyday experiences, heightened and interpreted by the power of the imagination. They help the child to enter into imaginary experiences in line with his hopes and desires . . . Finally, books furnish the child an opportunity for projecting himself into new and fuller ranges of thought and feeling.¹

1. Smith, Dora V. "Stimulating Interests and Appreciation Through Reading," Elementary English Review, XVII (May, 1940), 172.

Certain of the investigators have listed the factors that appear to have the greatest appeal for children. One study of some eight hundred pupils in grades three to seven reveals strong interests in action, exciting adventure, surprise, and humor.²

Humphreys investigated the reading interests of six hundred elementary school children. She lists thirty-two reasons why children in grades four through six like their favorite stories. The ten reasons given most often for liking the story are that it was exciting, funny, interesting or good, about animals, about days of old, about other children, a fairy story, about brave or just deeds, about kind deeds, or a mystery story.³

Finding that children's interests vary somewhat with age, Uhl gives by grades the qualities desired by children at certain age levels. The interests of children in grade five, he lists in the order of importance: dramatic action, interesting characters, fairy and supernatural, kindness and faithfulness, interesting problems, interesting action, humor, about animals, dramatization, and interesting repetition.

Those qualities most desired by grade six he says are: dramatic action, interesting characters, interesting problems, interesting action, humor, fairy and supernatural, kindness and faithfulness, about animals, dramatization, interesting information, and interesting repetition.

2. Hockett, John A. and Forry, Kenneth M. "Interests in Reading Expressed by Pupils in Grades Three to Seven." Children's Interests: Elementary School Level. Twelfth Yearbook of California Elementary School Principals Association. Los Angeles, California: Elementary School Principals Association, 1940. p. 95.

3. Humphreys, Phila. "Reading Interests and Habits of Six Hundred Children in the Intermediate Grades," Language Arts in the Elementary School. Twentieth Yearbook of National Elementary School Principal. Bulletin of the Department of Elementary School Principals. Washington, D. C.: National Education Association, July, 1941. p. 425.

For grade seven he says those qualities that have the greatest appeal are dramatic action, interesting characters, interesting problems, interesting humor, kindness and faithfulness, about animals, dramatization, interesting information, and interesting repetition.⁴

The studies of Terman and Lima show that certain tendencies in reading interests are characteristic of the various age groups. The ten year olds begin to lose interest in fairy tales, while books of travel and stories of other lands take on a most striking popularity. Boys of this age begin to read books on inventions and mechanics. Myths are enjoyed. Legends are read, and the legendary characters become very real. The ten year old child will read the narrative that tells in simple style the lives of men and women. This interest in biography brings an interest in history, in the events with which these people were concerned.

At eleven, they state, boys delight in tales of adventure and mystery, especially when appearing in series. Their interest in animal and nature stories drops off, while their interest in science and invention increases. At this age girls enjoy stories of home and school life. An inexplicable interest in gardens and flowers is quite apparent. Unlike the boys of eleven, girls retain their interest in fairy and fantastic stories, and still like nature and animal stories. Girls also read many of the boy's adventure stories and begin to show an interest in love stories.

Terman and Lima state further that children of twelve show some interest in almost every field of literature. This is, however, the age of hero worship, when biographies and historical narratives are preferred.

4. Uhl, Willis L. The Materials of Reading. New York: Silver, 1924. p. 117.

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Stories of legendary and historical heroes enthrall the reader of twelve or thirteen, who projects himself into the thrilling lives of his heroes. Boys show their greatest interest in biography and history at this time. Stories of adventure and tales of athletic prowess remain the chief interest of boys of this age, but the "juvenile" now gives place to the more exciting account of daring feats. Girls of twelve read largely those stories that are of home and school life. Their interest in fairy tales decreases, and there is apparent a growing interest in boy's adventure stories. Girls are still interested in nature stories, and enjoy bird and flower books. The Bible and Bible stories are also read. With girls of twelve there is a dawning interest in adult fiction.⁵

Other investigators, finding that boys and girls do not always have similar interests, consider each separately. Jordan's study shows that the major reading interests of boys from ten and a half to thirteen and a half years includes four general types of fiction: (a) books concerned with war and scouting, thirty-two per cent; (b) those concerned with school and sports, twenty-nine per cent; (c) those concerned with Boy Scouts, sixteen per cent; and (d) those concerned with strenuous adventure, twenty-three per cent.

In Children's Interests in Reading, Jordan analyzes the books written by the authors that are most popular with boys of this age, he finds that they appeal most often to the instincts of mastery, love of sensory life for its own sake, and approval and scornful behavior. Boy's interests in biography and history appear to be confined to those authors

5. Terman, Lewis and Lima, Margaret. Children's Reading: A Guide for Parents and Teachers. New York: Appleton, 1928. pp. 36-40.

who can write history and biography in the form of an exciting story.⁶

Another study made by Jordan shows that in grades four to six, boys are chiefly interested in books of mystery and adventure with detective stories running a close third.⁷

In his study of the reading interests of girls of ten and a half to thirteen and a half, Jordan finds their principal interest is in fiction which portrays: (a) home, thirty-seven per cent; (b) home and school, nineteen per cent; (c) school, fifteen per cent; (d) fairy stories, six per cent; (e) stories with historical backgrounds, six per cent; (f) love, seven per cent; and (g) miscellaneous, ten per cent.

In analyzing the stories of the writers most popular with girls of this age group, Jordan finds that the authors appeal largely to these instincts: maternal, kindness, attention to others, response to approval and scornful behavior, and to a less degree than in the case of boys, to rivalry.⁸

From Jordan's review of research articles about children's reading interests, he concludes that girls in grades four through six are chiefly interested in mystery, fairy tales, and adventure stories.⁹

Witty and Kopel's investigation of the reading interests of children reveals that above grade two:

6. Jordan, Arthur M. Children's Interests in Reading. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1926. p. 27.

7. Jordan, Arthur M. "Children's Interests in Reading," High School Journal, XXV (November-December, 1942), 326.

8. Jordan, Children's Interests in Reading. p. 28.

9. Jordan, "Children's Interests in Reading." p. 326.

. . .boys ranked adventure stories first, and mystery and detective stories second and third. Stories (unclassified), history, travel, and science were mentioned by considerable numbers of boys throughout the grades; their ranks in the order named, followed those of the categories cited above.¹⁰

In grades five through seven girls:

. . .resembled the boys in giving their primary favor to adventure stories. Mystery and other unspecified stories attained second place in the three upper grades; detective stories also were in high favor at these levels. The girls mentioned rather frequently travel, plays, poetry, and history, giving them fifth, sixth, eighth, and ninth ranks respectively.¹¹

Style in Writing for Children

In recent years there has been much critical analysis of the literature that has proved to have lasting appeal for children. Such studies present certain characteristics that are common to the children's literature that has lived through the years.

Children, themselves, determine what books shall live and what shall not live. They do not confine their choice to books that are written expressly for children. Dickens, Scott, Cooper, and Dumas did not know that they were writing children's literature. In their books are found the elements of sincerity, dramatic story, and vivid action that carry great appeal to the child mind. Children are satisfied only with a book that carries in connection with its message, a human interest and a decidedly imaginative quality.¹²

10. Witty, Paul and Kopel, David. Reading and the Educative Process. New York: Ginn, 1939. p. 38.

11. Ibid.

12. Terman and Lima, op. cit., p. 5.

Uhl lists as desirable qualities in reading selections that are dependent upon literary style the following:

Well told.
Rhyme.
Rhythm.
Familiar subject matter.
Diction easy.
Content easy.
Variety.¹³

Terman and Lima's investigation indicates that children prefer:

Direct discourse to indirect. They like colorful descriptions, and names for everything. They like to have the place and time of the story or incident clearly indicated so that they may easily picture the scene in their own minds. They like humor, but it must be of the "funny incident" kind, and not the satire of adult humor that through subtle quip and innuendo pokes fun at individuals and institutions. They will not tolerate preaching or moralizing unless it is so successfully concealed as not to be easily recognizable as such. Finally, they demand sincerity--a genuine, unaffected treatment of whatever subject is chosen.¹⁴

Terman and Lima point out:

The writer whose work shows this quality of high literary merit must possess an inherent sense of beauty, an ability to paint striking word pictures, and a liberality of ideas which prevents him from ever descending into the commonplace.¹⁵

Other desirable qualities for such stories are: a narrative form of writing; vocabulary, phraseology, and ideas that are within the realm of the child's experience; and a story that may be read through in a comparatively short time.¹⁶

Arbuthnot offers several criteria for use in judging stories for children, that may also be of value for one writing stories for children. They are:

13. Uhl, op. cit., p. 114.

14. Terman and Lima, op. cit., p. 16.

15. Ibid., p. 86.

16. Ibid., p. 87.

1. A theme that is suitable and adequate.
2. A plot that is logical, plausible, and for children, full of convincing action leading to a satisfying conclusion.
3. Unity in the development of the theme.
4. Unity preserved by a decent economy of incidents.
5. Parts of the story in balanced relationships.
 - a. Introduction that is clear, provocative and brief.
 - b. Development or body of the story containing action, conflict, and suspense leading up to a climax.
 - c. A conclusion that solves the problem, resolves the conflict, leaves the reader with a sense of completion and satisfaction.
6. Style-the music of prose, the easy fitting of words to mood, rhythm to emotion-the charm of prose.
7. Ethical soundness not chosen to teach a certain lesson, but completely sound in its morality.
8. True to human nature, or if the story is about animals, true to the nature of the animals portrayed.¹⁷

Concerning style, Jean Gardiner Smith says:

A first essential is that the style be suited to the purpose of the book. If that purpose be the adding of information, then the writing must be clear and easily understood.¹⁸

Smith continues:

And above all, in writing for children there should be no condescension, no obvious attempt to simplify. . . So from the Least 'Un to the eldest, let our children have books with clarity of language, with with simplicity and strength of style, let them have beautiful, singing words to remember against an hour of need.¹⁹

Bianco urges the use of language that is as simple and as natural as possible. "As good prose as one can write, yes, but within the limits of plain ordinary everyday speech."²⁰ The writer for children owes them extra care in regard to material, truth, and English, for children reread.²¹

17. Arbuthnot, May Hill. "Some Criteria for Judging Stories for Children," Childhood Education, XII (November, 1935), 72.

18. Smith, Jean Gardiner. "On Choosing Books for Children," Elementary English Review, XX (October, 1943), 210.

19. Ibid., p. 211.

20. Bianco, Margery. "Writing Books for Boys and Girls," Elementary English Review, XIV (May, 1937), 161.

21. Ibid.

Not literary writing, but clear thinking, clear expression, an avoidance of whatever is hackneyed or careless or slipshod. . . A sense of the rhythm of words, of simple balance and cadence, of the right choice of words and the living quality of a language cannot be learned too early. Better one properly balanced sentence than a dozen little chopped-up ones, and no more difficult to follow.²²

The writer of a story for children is most concerned with its sense of reality, states Bianco. She believes that the writer of a story should ask the following questions: Does the whole thing seem to be alive? Do the characters move and talk like real people? Are they going to seem alive to whoever reads the tale?²³

Other questions that must be asked of a story are as follows: Is the action vigorous and swiftly moving, well motivated, and uninterrupted in its course? Do the conflicts resolve themselves as the characters and the situation suggest they should? Does the ending square with the events leading up to it, with the characters in the story, and with the known facts of human experience? Is the style of the book appropriate to the theme? Do children experience a certain lift of spirit and a quickening of perception from the very manner of the telling of the story?²⁴

Alfred S. Lewering says that the two factors which contribute to difficulty of comprehension are the author's style and the subject discussed. He finds that interesting books have many image bearing or sensory impression words and that quantities of adjectives, adverbs, and verbs are used in these books which awaken the imagination.²⁵

22. Ibid.

23. Ibid., p. 162.

24. Smith, Dora, op. cit., p. 175.

25. Lewering, Alfred S. "Selection of Reading Materials by Pupil Ability and Interest," Elementary English Review, XVI (April, 1939), 153-154.

Jean Smith believes that the material with which the book is concerned must be honestly and adequately presented within whatever frame has been chosen and that the quality of the writing should never falter.²⁶

Bianco says, "Of greater importance than plot, subject, or actual writing are the characters."²⁷ Concerning the characters, she says:

I put the characters first of all because they are the story, and whatever plot or movement there is has to arise from them.

For characters to be real, to have a genuine life of their own, you have to know them thoroughly. You have to know how they look, how they talk, down to their tone of voice, and little turns of expression. They've got to have their feet solidly on the ground. Not for one instant must they be types, vague personalities just floating around somewhere in your mind. Beware the minute that they do begin to float, to become vague and unreal to you, because that is the moment when your whole story may go to pieces in your hand, as it were, and there is nothing harder than to pick up the thread of a story that has lost life.²⁸

Guttery advises those interested in writing for children to:

1. Use an informal, intimate approach. The author should put himself on the level of the child and speak to him on personal, friendly terms as if they had shared secrets many times before- -not sentimental however.
2. Use a style that is rich in minute details and set the story in a well-planned background.
3. Use a colorful style.
4. Use well-chosen figures of speech.
5. Use similes that spring naturally from the life of the child.²⁹

Guttery believes, "Good literary style is distinguished not only by its color, choice of words, and visual appeal, but also by its ability to please the ear, its rhythm, balance, its sentence and story pattern."³⁰

26. Smith, Jean Gardiner, op. cit., p. 210.

27. Bianco, op. cit., p. 162.

28. Ibid.

29. Guttery, Jean. "Style in Children's Literature," Elementary English Review, XVIII (October, 1941), 208-210.

30. Ibid., p. 210.

After analyzing the devices used by literary stylists, Cross presents a list of seven such devices that may be helpful to one who wishes to write stories for young children. They are as follows:

1. The choice of exactly the right word, not only to convey meaning, but to fit musically and emotionally into its phrase in the sentence.
2. The right length of a group of words (a phrase) to be spoken together to carry the meaning and to fit into the prose rhythm of its sentences.
3. A kind of prose rhythm that is not metrical.
4. A restrained use of words that imitate the sound made by some object, animate or inanimate, in nature.
5. A limited and carefully studied use of alliteration.
6. Assonance-the dominance of some vowel sound through a phrase or a sentence.
7. Tone color, or tone-blending.³¹

Vocabulary Needs of Children

Important tho the vocabulary aspect is, it is not advisable for one to start writing materials with a vocabulary list in front of him. Such a practice is bound to have a restrictive influence on his writing and to result in stilted and dull reading material. There are other reasons, too, why strict adherence to a vocabulary list is undesirable. The scientifically determined lists are static in that they do not provide for new words which are continually coming into wide usage. . . Furthermore, a rigid adherence to such lists often shuts out words that are interesting to children because of vivid associations. Since vividness and interest are strong cues to recognition, such words should not be excluded. Certain words have a strong appeal to young children because of the sound, movement, color, or rhythm which they suggest. These words are needed in writing really literary material for primary children; yet they do not occur in high-frequency lists.³²

Thorndike points out that much of the work on vocabulary seems to be obsessed by the doctrine that there is one set of words far better than another for children of a certain grade to know how to use. He thinks this

31. Cross, E. A. "Appreciating Literature as an Art," The English Review, XXXIII (October, 1941), 208-210.

32. Smith, Nila B. "Developing Reading Materials in the School," Newer Practices in Reading in the Elementary School. Seventeenth Yearbook of the National Elementary Principal. Bulletin of the Department of Elementary School Principals, Washington, D. C. : National Education Association, July, 1938. p. 445.

idea is nonsense, for children of any school grade will be an extremely variable group, no two of whom perhaps will be most benefited by the same linguistic offering.³³

Regarding vocabulary lists Seegers has this to say:

It is impossible to exhaust the subject, impossible to assign all words likely to be used by children in given grades or at given mental ages to those grades or ages. The matter resolves itself into a problem of relative values, employing compromises, between generalizations and individualizations. The law of diminishing returns sets in sharply even after the 2000 most commonly used words have been determined. After 4000 words have been listed that law operates exceedingly sharply. The richness of the English language makes this inevitable.³⁴

Nila B. Smith believes that the vocabulary lists are useful tools when used properly.³⁵ She suggests that:

Teachers who wish to prepare reading materials for their pupils should first write their stories using words of special interest and appeal to children, words which are necessary to writing material of literary quality, and new words which are coming into wide usage; then they should check the material against scientifically determined vocabulary lists and provide a core of high-frequency words, although not to such an extent as to exclude words needed in achieving the other considerations just mentioned. A check should also be made against the vocabulary list for the basic reader which is being used, and against similar lists for the basic reader used in preceding grades.³⁶

Durrell and Sullivan, believing that there is a need for familiar words in the child's reading material, suggest that more than half of the words introduced in the intermediate grade readers should be selected from lists of words children at that grade level already know.³⁷

33. Thorndike, Edward Lee. "The Value of Word Counts," Elementary English Review, XVII (February, 1940), 62.

34. Seegers, J. C. "Vocabulary Problems in the Elementary School-A Digest of Current Research," Elementary English Review, XVII (January, 1940), 42.

35. Smith, Nila B. op. cit., p. 445.

36. Ibid., p. 445-446.

37. Durrell, Donald D. and Sullivan, Helen Blair. "Vocabulary Instruction in the Intermediate Grades," Elementary English Review, XV (May, 1938), 193.

If reading material is not to be too difficult to serve its purpose, the distribution and burden of new words must be controlled in terms of the level of development of the children.³⁸

Jean Gardiner Smith finds that even after the third grade, the language difficulty in many books is a barrier to the acquisition of knowledge. She does not believe that this means that books should be written in words of one syllable, nor that the sentences should lack variation in structure.³⁹

Children need reading material which they can read with reasonable effort, for the average child cannot read a book based upon a vocabulary that contains too many words the child does not know.⁴⁰

If we wish to insure ease of reading, even for the slower pupils, Nila B. Smith believes it best to confine the number of new words introduced per page to seven or eight in the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades. The introduction of new words should also be followed by a few pages of easy reading in which these new words are repeated.⁴¹

Some of the disadvantages of limiting the range of vocabulary greatly are pointed out by Durrell and Sullivan. They find that there is much objection on the part of the authors, librarians, and others interested in children's literature to the practice of writing in a narrow vocabulary range. They believe, that the restriction of vocabulary may result in poor style and quality of expression. It is Durrell and Sullivan's

38. Smith, Nila B., op. cit., p. 445.

39. Smith, Jean Gardiner, op. cit., p. 210.

40. Ayer, Jean. "The Mechanics of Writing for Little Children," Elementary English Review, XVI (May, 1939), 175.

41. Smith, Nila B., op. cit., p. 446.

belief that if the story is interesting and well motivated, the child will get a partial meaning even though he does not know all the words.⁴²

Knott believes that we should balk at books that contain only those words children already know, at the rewriting of good literature for the purpose of reducing its vocabulary to a very thin gruel, and at books "written down" to children. He thinks children should be given a chance to read at least a little good literature written by skillful, successful, professional writers, who have a style with individuality and distinction, for most of us learn new words only if we meet them, and growth comes from doing things that gradually become harder.⁴³

Durrell and Sullivan suggest that new words should be so carefully selected that the child has acquired adequate perception skills for the analysis and pronunciation of the word. The careful presentation of the meaning of the word through context definition, illustration, glossaries, or perhaps teacher definition is, however, of even greater importance, according to them. The textbook, Durrell and Sullivan continue, should provide for the constant review and for added enrichment in the meaning of the words.⁴⁴

Literary selections have been included in the readers of certain grades. These, quite often, have been too difficult for the children in that grade to understand, for certain concepts, which in themselves are

42. Durrell and Sullivan, op. cit., p. 194.

43. Knott, Thomas A. "Observations on Vocabulary Problems," Elementary English Review, XVII (February, 1940), 65.

44. Durrell and Sullivan, op. cit., p. 193.

easily understood, have their meanings obscured by unfamiliar words or phrasing.⁴⁵

Seegers points out that studies of the vocabulary of readers, show that these texts often require, for complete understanding, many more concepts than the children ordinarily have; that the diversity and difficulty of the vocabulary loads in the readers vary greatly, as do the rate at which new words are introduced and the number of repetitions provided; that experience reading should supplement book reading and vice-versa; and that the vocabulary children know is vastly greater than the one they use.⁴⁶

Thorndike would have those concerned with the vocabulary of reading materials to keep in mind the fact that the difficulty of understanding a certain word in a certain context depends partly upon the nature of human minds and languages, but partly upon the training which a person has had.⁴⁷

The story, Ayer suggests, might well be written first, and later checked by the word lists, substituting, when possible, easy words for the harder ones.⁴⁸

Psychological Needs of Children

Prescott says that the ultimate need of the growing personality is the coordination and unification of all desires and operational

45. Looby, Ruth. "Understandings Children Derive from Their Reading," Elementary English Review, XVI (February, 1939), 62.

46. Seegers, loc. cit.

47. Thorndike, op. cit., p. 61.

48. Ayer, op. cit., p. 175.

concepts until they are fused into a unity which gives rise to consistent behavior.⁴⁹

Prescott also says that experience is the only basis for the development and formulation of behavior patterns. Children need experiences that are as rich and as varied as their environment can afford. Such experiences must reveal to them the real nature of the social forces, institutions, and processes now in operation in our own and other cultures. Children need this contact with reality so that they may grow in knowledge, understanding, and wisdom.⁵⁰

Children need to find their place in a personal and a social sense in the unending chain of a developing race or culture. When self-interest becomes so interassociated with the welfare of the group that socially useful conduct becomes the road to satisfaction and self-expression, we have integrated individuals.⁵¹

Social Needs of Children

The structure and processes of society imply certain knowledges, skills, and functional relationships as necessary to the individual if he is to be effective and adjusted. As he grows up, the experiences of life are sure to raise questions in the mind of each individual about his personal role and about the meaning of life; therefore, each one needs to arrive at a satisfactory mental organization or assimilation of his experiences. Thus, the structure of the organism, the processes of society, and the nature of a person's experiences contrive to give rise to a series of needs, of quasi-needs, and of operational concepts which must be met if wholesome personality development is to be achieved.⁵²

49. Prescott, Daniel Alfred. Emotion and the Educational Process. Washington, D. C.: American Council on Education, 1938. p. 118.

50. Ibid., p. 119.

51. Ibid., p. 124-125.

52. Ibid., p. 111.

Professional literature reveals a number of lists of the social needs of children. Lee and Lee offer the following as those needs involved in social response: need for prestige, need for security, need for satisfactory attainment, need for conformity, need for association with others, and the need for self-reliance and control.⁵³

Thorpe says that the child is set for a happy outlook on life if, in the social realm, he enjoys love, recognition from those who count, the feeling of belonging, a reasonable amount of prestige, and the joy of successful accomplishment.⁵⁴

Social needs grow out of the fact that life is lived in contact with other people. By the establishment and maintenance of satisfactory relationships with people, organizations, and institutions, the individual can obtain the best conditions for continuing his physical life, for establishing and maintaining a family of his own, and for realizing the possibilities of his own personality.⁵⁵ The satisfying of the basic needs of affection, belonging, and likeness to others is important for the development of the child's personality.⁵⁶

Children are always part of some group, and if their satisfactions are to be adequate, they must feel that they are esteemed members of it, and must experience a sense of belonging to their group.⁵⁷

53. Lee, J. Murray and Lee, Dorris May. The Child and His Curriculum. New York: Appleton-Century, 1940. p. 279.

54. Thorpe, Louis P. Psychological Foundations of Personality. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1938. p. 409.

55. Prescott, op. cit., p. 116.

56. Ibid., p. 116-118.

57. Witty and Kopel, op. cit., p. 301.

Social Insights Needed by Children

Lee and Lee say that the acceptance of the fact that one purpose of education is to help the child meet more effectively the situations involving social relations, implies the need to determine which social relations are vital. These social relations may be thought of as those situations involving the direct or personal relations of the individual to immediate groups of which he is a member or those situations in which the individual is concerned as only one member of a more remote group.⁵⁸

Snyder lists four of the needed concepts toward which social development should be directed in a democratic framework. They are the bond of our common humanity, the challenge of individual differences, the infinite potentialities of human nature, and the interdependence of all men.⁵⁹

Another valuable list of needed concepts has been developed by a group of experts as the basis for correlation with English. The concepts are as follows:

1. The enormous age of human culture (especially of the pre-historic life of mankind) and the extreme recency of most things-railroads, telegraphy, telephones, automobiles- that are conspicuous in our civilization.
2. The unity of man with the rest of living nature and his subjection to the same fundamental laws.
3. The concept of change, involving the idea of progress, and especially of the progressive humanization of Man.
4. The unity and continuity of cultural evolution.
5. Man's machinery; that is, his body and organs.
6. The essentials of man's heredity.
7. The fact that all races and peoples have some culture of their own and that many excel in particular arts and activities.

58. Lee and Lee, op. cit., p. 277.

59. Snyder, Agnes. "What are the Concepts Toward Which Social Development Should Be Directed in a Democratic Framework?" Social Studies for Children. Bulletin of the Association for Childhood Education, Washington, D. C.: The Association, 1944. p. 12.

8. The need, therefore, for a sympathetic consideration of alien groups.

9. The history of the foundation of the various nations, particularly those of the white race.

10. The composition of and anthropological developments of the American people.

11. The idea of history as representing what Hegel calls the ultimate design of the world.

12. The relation of great personalities to the total social situation of their respective ages.

13. The concept of contingencies and choices which have been, might have been, and may now be made.

14. The causes of economic conflict.

15. The encouragement of scientific method in social affairs, and the value of analysis and statistical measurement in studying social culture and social change.⁶⁰

The advisory committee for the National Council for Social Studies recommends interdependence, expanding democracy, and the need for integrity and morality in personal, national, and international life as themes that should permeate the entire school program of education for citizenship.⁶¹ The commission believes that the study of other countries and peoples becomes more important as peoples and nations grow more interdependent and as American national interests widen. They point out that the war directed our attention to the existence of a dangerous amount of prejudice and intolerance in the world, and to gaps and deficiencies in our school program for building knowledge and understanding of peoples in the other Americas, in the Far East, in the Pacific area, and in the Soviet Union.⁶²

Commissioner Studebaker calls attention to the fact that, in the long-term responsibilities of schools and colleges for the education of

60. Lee and Lee, op. cit., p. 290-291.

61. "The Social Studies in the Secondary School." The Role of the Social Sciences in the Secondary School Program. Bulletin of the National Association of Secondary School Principals, Vol. XXIX, No. 128. Washington, D.C.: The Association, 1945. p. 16.

62. Ibid., p. 24.

oncoming generations of children and youth in the international affairs, the focus changes from the machinery of international collaboration to the development of those attitudes and social understandings which will make the machinery work effectively. He says that the education of youth for international understanding must perforce deal with a wide variety of facts and their implications.

Studebaker suggests four broad headings under which such subject matter would fall. They are as follows: history, with its account of the experiences of the race in the long struggle for freedom and self-government; contemporary problems, that make it necessary for the student to understand the forces-economic, political, social, scientific, and ideological-which help to mold the pattern of events in our time ; political economy, which should inform young people of the instruments men have devised, their political forms, and their social and economic systems for protecting the rights of the individual and for increasing his freedom through self-government; and knowledge concerning the different resources, customs, peculiarities, and cultures of other peoples, which will help to temper judgments and broaden our sympathies toward our associates in the enterprise of world peace and good will.⁶³

If they are to be effective, such understandings need to be developed early in the life of the child. A child needs to develop the concept of constructive cooperation as a way of life. When he has

63. Studebaker, John W. "Youth Education for International Understanding, " Education for Victory, III (July 20, 1944), 1.

developed the attitude of seeking to help and to understand, rather than to judge and desire punishment for others of his group or culture, he is ready for experiences which will extend this attitude to peoples of the distinctive foreign and primitive cultures.⁶⁴

Organization and Review of the Criteria

An analysis of the foregoing professional literature concerning children's interests in reading, vocabulary, style in writing, and the basic psychological and social needs led to the development of a set of criteria in each area to be used in selecting and adapting stories from Russian literature for American boys and girls of the upper elementary grades.

These criteria were submitted to a committee of seven experts in the fields of Education, English, and Library Science. After the revision of the criteria to include the suggestions made by the committee, the following were approved for use in selecting and adapting Russian stories for American boys and girls of the upper elementary grades.

Criteria for Stories

Criteria for use in the selection and adaptation of stories from Russian literature for the upper elementary grades.

What Stories Best Reveal Russian Character To Children

I. The stories that picture the life of the region that has been the dominating influence in national development may be assumed to be most representative of national culture.

64. State of Ohio, Department of Education, Elementary Curriculum. State of Ohio. Bulletin No. II, Report of the Committee on Criteria for the Selection and Guidance of Developmental Experiences for Children in the Elementary Schools. Columbus: The Department, 1940. p. 9. Mimeographed.

II. The stories that have been written by natives of the country should present the most sincere picture of national life.

III. The stories that have been written by an author who is highly esteemed by his own people should yield an honest picture of national life.

IV. The stories that are considered classics by the Russian people may be assumed to give an authentic picture of Russian life.

V. The stories included in any series should insure a sound sampling that will portray all of the important aspects of the character of the people.

Authenticity

I. The spirit and mood of the original story should be retained in the adaptation.

Social Insights

I. The story should enrich and extend the child's experiences.

II. The story should contribute to the growth of the child's feeling of belonging to the world and of having a role to play in the affairs of the world.

III. The story should yield appreciation of the common bond of humanity through keen discrimination of likenesses and differences.

IV. The story should give the child some understanding of the fact that problems peculiar to a country exist because of certain racial, geographic, historical, and political conditions.

V. The story should give the child some insight into the character and life of the Russian people.

VI. The story should help break down the barriers between the peoples of Russia and the United States by developing a consciousness of the similarity of the people and of the geography of these two countries.

and by encouraging an understanding of the reasons for differences.

Interest

I. The element of adventure should be prominent in a story written for upper elementary grades as adventure is a dominant interest of boys and has decided appeal for girls.

II. Pictures of interesting home life should be included for such pictures are a principal interest of girls of this age.

III. Heroic qualities do have appeal for boys at this level of development.

IV. Incidents showing faithfulness, kindness, and helpfulness will be of especial interest to girls.

V. The action of the story should be convincing, dramatic, and swiftly moving.

VI. The characters should be human, vivid, and interesting.

VII. The child's projection of himself in the action of the story should have only beneficial results.

VIII. The plot of the story should be well developed.

Style

I. The story should challenge the child to attain new heights of thought and feeling.

II. The language used in writing the story should be simple, clear, and colorful.

III. The writer should carefully select the right word to convey meaning and to fit musically and emotionally into the phrases and sentences of the story.

IV. Striking word pictures should be used in writing the story.

- V. Words that have sensory appeal should be used in writing the story.
- VI. Considerable conversation should be used in adapting the story.
- VII. The sentences used in the story should be short, but well balanced.
- VIII. The paragraphs of the story should be short.
- IX. Intimate details should be included in the story in an incidental manner that will eliminate long descriptive paragraphs.
- X. The story should be written in a narrative form.

Vocabulary

- I. The core vocabulary should be based on familiar words.
- II. The number of new words and their distribution should be carefully controlled.
- III. New words should be introduced by means of contextual definitions.
- IV. New words should be repeated in the story.
- V. The pronunciation of difficult Russian names and expressions should be indicated.

CHAPTER III

ADAPTATIONS OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE IN TERMS OF THE CRITERIA

Selection of the Story Material

As the test of time has yet to reveal the representative Russian literature of the present century, the writer of this thesis turned to the literature of the last century for story material that would meet the approved criteria, for as Paul D. Miller states:

Great as the changes brought about by the Red Revolution undoubtedly are, the Soviet citizens of today are still the children of yesterday's Russian people, and one must know something about the Russians of the past to understand them. As a means to this end, there is nothing better than the literature of the last century.¹

Yarmolinsky makes the following statement concerning the Russian pre-revolutionary literature:

The function and range of literature were broader in pre-revolutionary Russia than in the rest of the western world. The sentiments and opinions that men were forbidden to set forth in the public prints, from the rostrum, even from a club chair, found their way into imaginative writing. . . They are to be read. . . for their penetrating insights into character, for their musings and speculations on first and last things, and not least for their picture of Russian society, a world that cannot be visited otherwise, and one in which Soviet life is rooted.²

To ensure further the selection of literature that would unmistakably reveal the culture of the nation, the criteria were applied to products of the writers of the group that has been the dominating influence in national development.

1. Miller, Paul D. "The Teacher's Library," The Civic Leader, XI (March 6, 1944), 4.

2. Yarmolinsky, Avrahm, editor. A Treasury of Great Russian Short Stories. New York: Macmillan, 1944. p. vii.

Of the one hundred and eighty-nine different nationalities³ comprising the Soviet Union, Russians make up fifty and six tenths per cent of the total population.⁴

Although one hundred and fifty different languages are spoken in that country, Russian is called the national language, and is the second tongue taught in all of the schools.⁵

According to Maurice Hindus: "The leading language, the leading nationality, the leading civilization, now as throughout the centuries, have been Russian."⁶

Among the writers of the Great Russians is Leo Tolstoy, revered in the Soviet Union as over the world, as is shown by the fact that the Tolstoy estate, Yasnaya Polyana, is now a national museum, under the direct control of the Academy of Sciences;⁷ and that one of the most famous schools in Russia was built in 1928 in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of Tolstoy's birth.⁸ Tolstoy, according to Clifton Fadiman, ". . .wrote as a Russian about Russian people. . . "⁹

3. The East and West Association. The Peoples of the U.S.S.R. New York: The East and West Association, 1944. p. 5.

4. Stewart, Marguerite Ann. Land of the Soviets. St. Louis: American Council, Institute of Pacific Relations and Webster Publishing Company, 1942. p. 13.

5. The East and West Association, op. cit., p. 6.

6. Hindus, Maurice. Mother Russia. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1943. p. 104.

7. Ibid., p. 334.

8. Ibid., p. 344.

9. Fadiman, Clifton. "Foreward," Tolstoy, Leo. War and Peace. New York: Simon, 1942. p. xxxv.

Of Tolstoy's great novel War and Peace, John Macy writes: "War and Peace is more than a novel, it is an epic of Russian social life and history at the time of the Napoleonic wars."¹⁰

Clifton Fadiman also believes that War and Peace may be spoken of as a social novel as it paints a broad picture of Russian society from the Tsar down to the lowliest peasant.¹¹

Concerning this novel, Erskine Caldwell declares: "I think it explains the Russian character."¹²

Fern Long, writing about Russian books, makes the following statement: ". . .the Russian people who showed their metal at Stalingrad were not born in 1917. We can find them and all their basic characteristics in Tolstoi's War and Peace."¹³

As War and Peace is the work of an author who is highly esteemed by his own people, as it portrays the life of the people who have been the dominating influence in national development, and as it presents a broad picture of Russian society, this novel seemed more completely to meet the criteria for the selection of Russian literature for adaptation.

Story material that best pictures the various aspects of Russian life was adapted for children in terms of the criteria approved by the committee of experts.

10. Macy, John. The Story of the World's Literature. New York: Boni, 1925. p. 468.

11. Fadiman, op. cit., p. xxii.

12. Caldwell, Erskine. "Books About Russia-Books from Russia," Publisher's Weekly, CXLI (June 13, 1942), 2193.

13. Long, Fern. "Aspects of Truth in Books about Russia," American Library Association Bulletin, XXXVIII (March, 1944), 103.

Chapter III of this thesis is concerned with an introduction to the stories for children and the stories that have been adapted.

WORLD CITIZENS

Three hundred years ago our forefathers began arriving on the shores of a new continent, America. Their possessions were few, but in their hearts they carried a common vision that was to become the cornerstone of a great nation. It was a vision of a way of life wherein men of all races and creeds might live and work in peace and security.

With faith and courage these pioneers bravely faced the dangers and hardships of life in the vast, untamed wilderness of this new world. Separated by the Atlantic Ocean from the comforts of civilization, these people were forced to wrest from the wilderness the very necessities of life. The many and plentiful natural riches of this new land made this task possible.

Here, in spite of the scoffs of some, courageous men dared to undertake a great, new experiment, which they bravely called the United States. Thus, there was created a nation which has grown until it is now one of the largest, richest, and most powerful in the world.

The founders of the United States believed that this rich, well-protected country was sufficient unto itself. Feeling no need for the friendship or the protection of any other nation, they concentrated on this nation's development, and left other nations to work out their problems as they chose.

For many, many years this policy proved to be wise and satisfactory. Unhampered by the troubles that beset the world, we, in the United States, made amazing progress. Never did we dream, however, that this very progress would force us to turn out thoughts from ourselves to the problems that faced the other nations of the world.

Who realized that the little airplane invented by the Wright brothers would grow into a globe-encircling plane that would so narrow down great distances, that the United States would be only a few hours by air from any spot on the globe? That is the position in which we find ourselves today.

Suddenly our oceans have seemed to shrink away. We have found that we have neighbors- -many neighbors. Some of them we hardly know. We have quickly realized that it is not sufficient for us to be good citizens of the United States, concerned only with our national interests. We are faced with a greater task, that of becoming citizens of the world, ready to share and help solve the problems that face mankind today. The future of our country, and indeed of the world, depends upon how seriously we regard this new responsibility.

Though the problems of our world are many, men dare to dream again- -to dream of a world community where all races, creeds, and governments may live and develop in a friendly, peaceful manner. Just as the American dream became a reality, so will this world-wide vision, if the peoples of the world but bring to this undertaking the same spirit of adventure, the faith, the courage, and the commonness of purpose that enabled the American pioneers to turn a wilderness into a thriving nation. It is the youth of our land, tomorrow's world citizens, who will make this vision a reality. You, too, have a vast frontier to conquer- -the hatreds, greeds, and misunderstandings that exist among nations today. The world has need of your gifts - your youth, your strength, and your courage. With confidence we pass on to you the challenge of our age. We know that you will not fail us or yourselves, that you will become citizens of the world, citizens of whom we can be justly proud.

Have you stopped to wonder just how one becomes a citizen of the world? You may become one by just continuing to love and to **show** interest in the people about **you**, by continuing to look at matters in your honest, straight-forward manner. We would ask that you extend your interests to those who live in other countries and in a different manner from our own. You will find that we are all alike in some ways, and very different in others, and, as you understand why this must be true, you will begin to respect and appreciate others just as they are. Then you will have become a citizen of the world.

Let's be friendly! Let's be neighborly! Let's find out just who our new neighbors are, and win them for our friends. New neighbors are always fun. Today is a good time to begin adventuring in friendship.

Just across the North Pole is one of our new neighbors. This huge country is Russia, miles away from us before the day of the swift plane- - now by air, only a few hours away. In our new family of nations, Russia has an important place. She stands with our country as one of the greatest nations in the world. As the peace and security of the world will depend largely upon the actions of the great nations, it has become most important for the peoples of these nations to know, to understand, and to respect each other.

As our ally in the war, Russians proved to the world that they are a great people. We can well be grateful for the mighty effort the Russian people made to win the war. We can expect of them the same effort to win and keep the peace.

Are you like many other Americans, anxious to know more about this great neighbor of ours? Do you wonder about this country, which like our own United States, is so large that magnolias and camellias bloom in one section, while another is covered with ice and snow?

Have you noticed that all the people of this country do not look alike? Russia, like the United States, has many different races living peacefully and happily together. As our states are united into one great United States, the regions of their country, called republics, are united into the great Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. They too, have definite sections like our own north, south, east, and west, but as we are first Americans, so they are first Russians.

Now really to understand a people we need to visit them, play with them, and work with them. As this is not possible now, we can begin our acquaintance with the Russians by finding out many things about them from books. A nation's stories give us the best picture of the life of its people. There we can find what they think, how they act, and the things that are dear to them. To be sure we get a truthful picture, we need to read the stories written by their own story tellers.

Leo Tolstoy was one of Russia's greatest story tellers. Russians love his stories. Not only because they are interesting, but because they give a true picture of Russian life, Tolstoy's stories have been rewritten in the languages of many other lands.

Tolstoy's greatest story is called War and Peace. It is the exciting story of life in Russia during another great war. Hitler was not the first tyrant Russia has driven from her country. Over one hundred and fifty years ago a much weaker Russia turned back Napoleon, the great French general, who had hoped to conquer all Europe. Like Hitler, he was very successful until he invaded Russia. There, his defeat led to his downfall. Then, as was true in the past war, the Russians' fierce love of home and fatherland, and their adoration of their leader made them fight courageously.

War and Peace was not written for boys and girls. You will not enjoy reading it until you are older, but because some of its stories about Russian children are too delightful for you to miss, the best were selected and written into little word pictures that may help you understand something of the way of life in Russia.

Natasha and Petya Rostov lived in the days of the Tsar. They loved adventure and good times. When Napoleon marched his armies into their country, they were delighted with the excitement that comes with war, but they loved their home, their country, and their ruler. They served, that their beloved fatherland might not fall into the hands of Napoleon.

There are many thousands of children like Petya and Natasha living in Russia today. They, too, love adventure and fun, but like those children of long ago, they gallantly served their country when they were needed.

The children of the world are still needed by their countries. Their service is needed to prevent future wars. If all boys and girls will work as hard at this new task as they worked at their wartime tasks, we may hope for a happier world in which to live.

NOTE: At the end of this group of stories you will find a glossary that will help you pronounce the unfamiliar Russian words.

ADAPTED RUSSIAN STORIES

NAME DAY AT THE ROSTOV'S

It was a very beautiful day, and the children were all very happy. They were all dressed in their best clothes, and they were all very excited. They were all very happy to see each other, and they were all very happy to be together. They were all very happy to be at the Rostov's, and they were all very happy to be at the name day.

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Since early dawn there had been a bustle of excitement in Count Rostov's large Moscow house. Here the Count and Countess of Rostov lived with their two daughters, Natasha and Vera; their sons, Nicholas and Petya; their niece, Sonya; several poor relatives; the children's nurses, tutors, and governesses; and the numerous household serfs who belonged to the count and served his family.

It was St. Natalia's Day, the name day of the countess and her youngest daughter, Natasha. Russian children were given the name of one of the saints of the Russian Orthodox Church. Each saint had a patron day, and that saint's day became the child's name day- -a day that was celebrated in Russia as we do the day of our birth.

Carriages drawn by six horses had been arriving all morning at the Rostov home, bringing friends, relatives, and acquaintances to wish the countess and her daughter happiness.

Count Rostov stood in the anteroom to greet the many visitors and to see them off. Bowing and pressing the hand of each departing guest, he declared warmly:

"I am very, very grateful to you, my dear. I thank you for myself and for our two dear ones whose name day we are keeping. But mind you come to dinner or I shall be hurt! On behalf of the whole family I beg you to come."

Leaving the anteroom, Count Rostov passed through the large marble dining hall where his household serfs were setting up long tables for the name day dinner. Assured that all was going well, the count returned to the drawing room where the countess and her elder daughter were entertain-

ing a prim visitor. The younger children were playing in the next room.

Suddenly there was the noise of a chair being turned over, and running footsteps.

A black-eyed, wide-mouthed girl of thirteen darted in, and stopped suddenly in the middle of the room, surprised that her flight had carried her so far. She was hiding something in the folds of her dress. A student, a young officer of the guards, a girl of fifteen, and a plump, rosy-faced boy, who were running after her, stopped in the doorway.

"Ah, here she is," exclaimed the count, laughing as he threw his arms around the little girls. "This is Natasha, my pet, whose name day we are celebrating."

"My dear," said the countess to the little girl, "there is a time for everything. You spoil her", she added to her husband.

"How do you do, my dear? I wish you many happy returns of your name day," said the visitor. "What a charming child she is."

Natasha tossed her black curls over her bare shoulders. She was charming with her thin, bare arms, her little legs in lace-frilled drawers, and her feet in low slippers.

Escaping from her father's arms, she ran to hide her flushed face in her mother's shawl. As she pulled an old doll from the folds of her dress, Natasha began to shake with laughter. (to her everything seemed funny).

"Do you see?" as she laughed, she tried to explain what they had been talking about in the other room. "My doll- -Mimi- -you see." Quite unable to say more, she leaned her face against her mother and

burst into such a loud, ringing fit of laughter, that even the prim visitor could not keep from joining in.

"Go away and take your creature with you," commanded the countess pushing Natasha with pretended sternness.

Natasha glanced up at her mother through tears of laughter, and then hid her face again.

"Tell me, my dear," said the visitor, "is Mimi a relative of yours? A daughter, perhaps?"

Natasha did not like the lady's tone, so instead of replying she only looked at the visitor.

Sonya, Natasha's cousin, who lived with the Rostovs, Petya, her younger brother, Nicholas, her elder brother, and Boris, their friend, all settled down in the drawing room. Their faces beamed with excitement and mirth. Evidently the conversation in the back room had been more amusing than the drawing room gossip. As they watched Natasha, they could hardly keep from bursting into laughter. Nicholas blushed, tried to find something to say, and failed. Only Boris, the young officer, was able to speak.

"I knew Mimi when she was a young lady. Then her nose was not broken and her head was not cracked. She certainly has aged these last five years," he laughed as he glanced at Natasha.

Natasha turned from Boris to look at her younger brother. Petya's eyes were screwed up and he was shaking with laughter. Unable to control herself longer, Natasha rushed from the room as fast as her nimble feet could carry her. The other young people dashed after her.

The visitor smiled, "What a charming child! She is a little volcano!"

"Yes, a regular volcano," said the count. "Takes after me. What a voice she has! Though she is my daughter, I tell you she will be a fine singer someday. Yes, they are splendid youngsters! Just fancy, Nicholas wants to be an hussar! What's one to do with them?"

The visitor left at last, promising to return for the name day dinner. The family rested until time to dress for dinner.

That evening a large crowd of ladies had gathered in the drawing room. The gentlemen smoked in the count's study. From time to time the count hurried out to ask:

"Hasn't she come yet?"

They were waiting for Marya Dmitrievna, who was known in society as the 'terrible dragon' because of her sharp tongue. Everyone feared her and yet respected her. At last she came. The visitors all stood up.

"Health and happiness to her whose name day we are keeping and to her children," Marya Dmitrievna cried in a loud voice.

"Well, how's my little Cossack?" she said, as Natasha came up gaily and fearlessly to kiss her hand. "I know she is a scamp of a girl, but I like her!"

Marya Dmitrievna took a pair of pear-shaped ruby earrings from her bag and gave them to the rosy child. Natasha beamed with the pleasure of her saint's day party.

"Well, I suppose it is time we were at the table?" said Marya Dmitrievna.

Count Rostov took her arm and led her into the dining hall. The others followed. Footmen began moving about. Chairs scraped. A band in the gallery began to play. The ladies were seated at one end of the long table. The gentlemen sat at the other end. Between them sat the young people, the tutors, and the governesses. In 1805 the children of

wealthy Russian noblemen were taught at home by tutors and governesses from France, Germany and Italy.

The ladies began chattering. Voices grew louder and louder at the men's end of the table. The talk was of war. In 1805 Russia was the land of the Tsars. The Tsar, or Emperor, as the ruler was often called, had decided to send troops to Europe to fight Napoleon, the great French general. The voices grew more excited.

"I know that we Russians must conquer or die!" said Nicholas, flaming up at this talk of war.

"Ah, this young man is a real hussar!" shouted a colonel, thumping the table.

"What are you making such a noise about over there?" Marya Dmitrievna's deep voice suddenly called from the ladies' end of the table. "Do you think the French are here?"

"It's about the war," the count shouted down the long table. "You know my son, Nicholas, is going to become an hussar!"

At each end of the table the talk began again. In the children's section, Petya and Natasha were talking excitedly.

"You won't ask," Petya was saying. "I know you don't dare ask!"

"I will," replied Natasha.

Her face flushed with reckless joy. She half rose and turning to her mother:

"Mamma!" her voice rang out above the conversation.

"What is it?" asked the countess startled. When she saw by her daughter's face that it was mischief, she shook her finger sternly.

The guests stopped talking and looked with surprise at Natasha.

"Mamma! What sweets are we going to have?"

The countess tried to frown, but could not. Marya Dmitrievna shook her finger at Natasha.

"Cossack," she said in a threatening voice.

"You had better take care!" warned the countess.

"Mamma, tell me what sweets we are going to have!" Natasha cried boldly, sure that her prank would be taken in the right spirit.

Fat little Petya doubled up with laughter.

"You see," gaily whispered Natasha to her brother, "I did ask!"

"We are having ice pudding, but you won't get any," said Marya Dmitrievna.

Natasha saw there was no need to be afraid.

"Marya Dmitrievna! What kind of ice pudding? I don't like ice cream!"

"Carrot ice!"

"No! Tell me what kind," she almost screamed. "I want to know!"

Everyone burst out laughing at the boldness of this little girl who dared to treat Marya Dmitrievna, 'the terrible dragon', in such a manner.

Natasha stopped only when they told her there would be pineapple ices. After the ices were eaten, the band began playing. The count kissed the countess, and all the guests went up to congratulate her. Every one then returned to the drawing room.

At the visitors' request, the young people sang several numbers. The large hall was cleared for dancing and the grown-ups settled down to a game of cards.

Natasha went up to Pierre, an old friend of the Rostov family, who was watching the dancers, and laughing and blushing, said:

"Mamma told me to ask you to join the dancers."

"Only if you will be my teacher," declared Pierre as he offered his big arm to the little girl.

Then Natasha was perfectly happy. She was dancing with a grown-up man, who had been abroad. She fanned herself and smiled over the fan at Pierre as they danced.

In the midst of the third dance Marya Dmitrievna and the count came in with merry faces. The count playfully offered his arm to Marya Dmitrievna, clapped his hands to the musicians in the gallery and shouted:

"Do you know the Daniel Cooper?" The Daniel Cooper was the count's favorite, for it was the dance he had danced in his youth.

The band struck up the Daniel Cooper. The count curved his arms, straightened his shoulders, turned out his toes, and gently tapped his foot. Some of the dancers gathered around.

"Look at papa!" shouted Natasha, as she bent her curly head to her knees and made the room ring with her laughter.

The doorways of the ballroom filled with the faces of the house serfs. At that time in Russia, much of the land and wealth belonged to the Tsar and a few wealthy people, known as the gentry or the nobility. Many of the other people were serfs or peasants who belonged to the noblemen and worked for them. The serfs stood with beaming faces to see the master making merry.

"Just look at the master! A regular eagle he is!" loudly remarked a nurse standing in the doorway watching the count dance.

The count danced well, and he knew it. He capered about on his light feet. The dance grew livelier and livelier. All the other dancers stopped to watch the count and Marya Dmitrievna dance the Daniel Cooper.

Faster, faster, and faster, and lightly, more lightly, and yet more lightly whirled the count, flying around Marya Dmitrievna. He was first on his toes, then on his heels. At last he turned his partner to her seat. He raised his soft foot backwards, bowed his head, smiled, and made a sweep with his arms. There was a thunder of clapping and laughter from the guests and serfs.

"That's how we danced the Daniel Cooper in my time!" laughed the count fanning himself.

The music began again. The guests danced until supper was served by the tired footmen. Soon after supper good-byes were said and the carriages drove off with the guests. The name day party was over.

THE WOLF HUNT

"'No barrier bars a Russian's path', of course we'll go!" shouted Petya as he joined his sister Natasha in Nicholas Rostov's big study.

"But we are only going wolf hunting; it would be dull for you," said Nicholas, a young cavalryman, home on his first leave from the army. He loved hunting and having planned to hunt seriously, did not want his young sister and brother to spoil the sport.

"You know it is my greatest pleasure," said Natasha. "It's not fair; you are having the horses saddled and said nothing about it to us."

"But you can't go! Mamma said you mustn't," insisted Nicholas.

"Yes, I'll go. I shall certainly go," replied Natasha, with determination. "Daniel," she cried, as she turned to the head huntsman who stood holding a long bent whip and his black sheepskin, Circassian cap in his hand. "Daniel, tell them to saddle for us!"

An hour later the whole hunting party- -the Rostovs, six hunt attendants and whippers-in, and eight borzoi kennelmen were at the porch of the Rostov country home, Otradnoe. There were fifty-four of the keen scented hounds to find the game, and more than forty swift, strong borzois, hunting dogs used to catch and kill the game.

Each dog knew its master and its call. Each person knew exactly what he was to do. The hunting party rode off in the misty fall morning. Not a word was spoken as they rode through the fields that were striped with the pale yellow stubble of spring wheat and reddish buckwheat. Before them lay the woods that had become a golden and bright red island among the green winter rye.

Suddenly, in the mist, they came upon another hunting party.

"Good morning, Uncle!" shouted Nicholas as he recognized the handsome, gray-bearded leader, as a distant relative and neighbor. "Shall we join our packs?"

"That's it, come on!" cried Uncle, using his favorite expression.

Nicholas and Uncle rode on side by side. Natasha, muffled up in shawls, which did not hide her eager face and shining eyes, galloped up to them. She was as always, closely followed by Petya.

Uncle looked at them with disapproval. Hunting was a serious business with him, and he was afraid these children would spoil the sport.

"Good morning, Uncle! We are going too!" shouted Petya.

"Good morning, good morning! But don't you go over-riding the hounds," said Uncle sternly.

Nicholas gave his sister a displeased glance. Natasha understood his look and quickly said:

"You mustn't think we'll be in anyone's way, Uncle. We'll go to our places and we won't budge."

"A good thing, too, little countess," said Uncle. "Only mind you don't fall off your horse."

Each huntsman took his place as the hounds were set on. The deep tones of the wolf cry from Daniel's hunting horn rang out. The whippers-in began the cry of ulyulyu. Daniel's big voice rose above them to fill the whole woods.

"Ulyulyulyu! Ulyulyu!" cried Daniel as he flew after the pack.

Nicholas heard the call from his post where he waited breathlessly for the wolf. He made a thousand guesses as to which side it would come from and how he would set upon the wolf. He prayed that it would come his way.

"Only once in my life to get an old wolf! I want only that!"
Let the wolf come my way," he prayed, looking from left to right.

Suddenly, he couldn't believe his eyes. Something was running toward him across the field. "No, it can't be!" he thought.

An old **gray** wolf was running forward without hurry. She was sure no one saw her. Breathlessly, Nicholas looked at the borzois on the leash. They did not see the wolf.

"Ulyulyulyu," whispered Nicholas. They jumped up, jerked the rings of the leashes and pricked up their ears. Headlong down the hill galloped Nicholas to head off the wolf. The borzois passed him. Nicholas saw neither the borzois nor the ground. He did not even know that he was galloping and shouting. He saw only the wolf.

Nearer, nearer came the dogs, gaining on the wolf. One reddish borzoi seized it by its hindquarters, but quickly jumped aside in terror.

The wolf crouched, gnashed her teeth, rose again, and bounded forward, followed by all the borzois.

"She'll get away," shouted Nicholas in a hoarse voice. "Ulyulyulyu," he cried.

From one side a huntsman galloped straight at the wolf, just as a long, yellowish, borzoi rushed at the wolf and almost knocked her over.

The wolf gnashed her teeth and flew at the yellowish borzoi. With a piercing yelp, the dog fell bleeding on the ground. Another borzoi was on the wolf. They rolled together into a gulley. Others leaped at them. It was the happiest moment of Nicholas' life. His prayers had been answered! At last he would get a wolf! He started to dismount and stab the wolf when she clicked her teeth, leaped out of the gulley and went forward again.

"Oh, why?" cried Nicholas in despair, as another huntsman hemmed her in. Just as she stopped a second time, Daniel galloped silently up, holding a naked dagger in his left hand. Nicholas didn't see or hear him until he heard the fall of a body and saw Daniel lying on the wolf's back among the dogs. He was trying to seize her by the ears. The wolf pressed back her ears and tried to rise but the borzois stuck to her.

Just as Nicholas was about to stab her Daniel whispered, "Don't! We'll gag her!" They thrust a stick between her jaws, bound her legs together, and fastened a leash to her.

With happy, exhausted faces, they laid the old wolf, alive, on a snorting horse, and with all the dogs yelping at her, they went to the place where they were to meet.

All the huntsmen came to look at the old wolf and to tell their stories. Some turned to take the wolf back to Otradnoe, others rode on farther, chasing some hares and a big, red fox.

Toward evening, Nicholas found they were so far from home that he accepted Uncle's invitation to spend the night at his village.

"And if you put up at my house, that will be better still! That's it, come on," said Uncle. "You can rest and the little countess can be driven home in a trap."

One huntsman was sent back to Otradnoe for a trap, while the hunting party rode to Uncle's house. As they neared the comfortable, shabby house, five of Uncle's household serfs ran out to meet them. A number of women serfs popped around from the back to look at the visitors. When they saw Natasha, they came up boldly and stared at her.

"Look, she sits side ways! See, she has a little hunting horn!"

"Goodness gracious! See her knife!"

"Isn't she a Tartar!"

Uncle dismounted before his little house of bare, unplastered walls.

"Be off," he shouted to his servants, "and prepare for our guests!"

He lifted Natasha down and led her up the rickety steps of the porch, and into the house. The house wasn't very clean, but there was a nice smell of fresh apples and of the fox and wolf skins that were hung around the walls. Uncle led them through the anteroom and drawing room and left them in his own private room. Behind some ragged curtains over an entrance they could hear the women serfs whispering and laughing.

Uncle soon joined them. He had dressed in a Cossack coat, blue trousers, and small top-boots. At Otradnoe his clothes would have been funny, but in Uncle's house they seemed just right.

Petya had fallen asleep on the sofa. Nicholas and Natasha were laughing when Uncle came into the room. Uncle joined in their merriment.

"That's right, young countess, that's it, come on! I never saw anyone like her!" he said as he handed Nicholas a pipe with a long stem. "She has ridden all day like a man and is as fresh as ever."

A door opened and a barefoot girl and a rosy woman entered carrying a large tray of food. They smiled and bowed to the visitors. The woman, who was Uncle's housekeeper, arranged the food on the table. There was wine, vodka, a Russian drink made of rye, rye-cakes, honey in the comb, pickled mushrooms, apples, nuts, and sweets. Afterward, she brought roast chicken, ham, and preserves.

"Take this, little lady countess," she urged as she offered Natasha the good food she had prepared.

Natasha ate everything.

"I've never tasted such delicious food anywhere!" she declared.

They tried to wake Petya to give him something to eat, but he only mumbled and went back to sleep.

After supper, Natasha listened while Uncle and Nicholas talked of dogs and hunts. She felt so happy that she hoped the traps would not come soon.

"Open the door, there!" shouted Uncle. "Why have you shut it?"

The door at the end of the hall lead to the huntsmen's room, as they called the room for the hunt servants.

There was a rapid patter of bare feet, and an unseen hand opened the door. Then they heard the clear, thrumming sound of a balalayka, the popular, three stringed, Russian musical instrument. Natasha, who loved music slipped into the passage to hear better.

"That's my coachman- -I have got him a good balalayka. I'm fond of it," said Uncle.

It was the custom for the coachman to play the balalayka in the huntsmen's room when Uncle returned from a hunt.

"How very good!" said Nicholas.

"Very good?" asked Natasha reproachfully. "Not very good--it's simply delicious!"

Just as Uncle's pickled mushrooms, honey and cherry brandy had seemed to her the best in the world, so also, that song, at that moment, seemed to be the most delightful she had ever heard.

"More, please, more!" cried Natasha at the door as soon as the music ceased.

The balalayka was tuned up afresh, and the same notes were thrummed again, and again, but the listeners did not grow weary.

Anisya, the housekeeper, came in and leaned against the door-post.

"You like listening?" she asked Natasha, with a smile. That's a good player of ours," she added.

"He doesn't play that part right!" cried Uncle suddenly. "Here he ought to burst out- -that's it, come on! - -ought to burst out!"

"Do you play then?" asked Natasha.

Uncle did not answer, but smiled.

"Anisya, go and see if the strings of my guitar are all right. I haven't touched it for a long time."

Anisya, with light steps, brought Uncle's guitar.

Without looking at anyone, Uncle blew the dust off it, tapped the case with his bony fingers, tuned the guitar and settled himself in his armchair. He began to play a very slow tune. It began to thrill in the hearts of Natasha and Nicholas. Something seemed to be laughing a little on one side of Uncle's face under his gray mustaches, but the other side was serious.

"Lovely, lovely! Go on, Uncle, go on!" shouted Natasha as soon as he had finished. She jumped up and hugged and kissed him.

"Nicholas, Nicholas!" she said, turning to her brother. "What is it that moves me so?"

Other smiling faces appeared in the doorway behind Anisya's.

Uncle rose. He suddenly seemed to become a very merry fellow. He struck the attitude, with one knee bent, for a Russian folk dance.

"Now then, niece!" he exclaimed, waving to Natasha the hand that had just struck a chord.

Natasha threw the shawl from her shoulders. She ran forward to face Uncle, and setting her arms akimbo, also made a motion with her

shoulders and struck an attitude, ready for the folk dance. She struck her pose and smiled proudly. She did the right thing at exactly the right time. Everyone watched her with admiration. Even Nicholas, who at first feared she might not do the right thing, was pleased.

There were tears in Anisya's eyes as she handed the little countess a handkerchief she needed for the dance, though she laughed as she watched the slim, graceful girl. Natasha, as the daughter of a nobleman, had been carefully reared in silks and velvets, yet she understood the feeling that was in the heart of every Russian man and woman. From the very air she had breathed in the Russian spirit and manner that cannot be taught.

"Well, little countess, that's it- -come on!" cried Uncle, with a joyous laugh. "Well done, niece!"

Natasha sat down beside Uncle and begged him to play something else. Uncle cleared his throat and sang his favorite hunting song. He sang as the peasants sing, believing the meaning of the song lies in the words, and that the tune comes of itself. The tune was like the song of a bird- -very, very good.

Natasha decided she would give up the harp and play only the guitar. She begged Uncle for his guitar and began to play and sing.

At nine the traps came to fetch them home. They carried Petya out like a log and laid him in the trap. Natasha and Nicholas got into another. Uncle wrapped Natasha up warmly. He accompanied them as far as the bridge and sent huntsmen with lanterns to ride in front of them.

"Good-bye, dear niece," his voice rang out in the darkness.

As they passed through the village there were red lights burning, and they smelled the cheerful smell of smoke.

"What a darling Uncle is!" said Natasha, when they came out onto the highroad.

"Yes," returned Nicholas. "You're not cold?"

"No, I'm quite all right. I feel so comfortable!" Natasha whispered.

The night was dark and damp. They could not see the horses. They only heard them splashing through the unseen mud.

As they neared home, Natasha suddenly began singing Uncle's song.

"Nicholas, I was thinking that we are driving along and imagining that we are going home, but heaven knows where we are really going in the darkness. We may arrive and find we are not at home, but in fairy-land!" Nicholas heard her happy, ringing laughter. "Do you know," she said suddenly, "I know that I shall never be as happy as I am now. This has been a wonderful day!"

CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY

The Rostovs were spending the Christmas season at their country home, Otradnoe. Though Nicholas was still on leave from the army, the holidays had been dull for the young people.

Ceremonial Mass had been celebrated. They had all dressed in their new clothes and received the tiresome Christmas congratulations from the neighbors and servants. No other festivities had been planned, though the calm frost of thirteen degrees below zero, the dazzling sunshine by day, and the starlight of the winter nights seemed to call for some special celebration of the season.

The third evening of Christmas week Natasha, Sonya, and Nicholas sat in the big room going through their memories, laughing with quiet enjoyment. It was dark in the big room, but through the big windows the silvery light of the moon fell on the floor. "I can remember when I first came to live with you," said Sonya. "I was so afraid of Nicholas. He was wearing a corded jacket, and my nurse told me that I, too, would be sewn up with cords."

"And do you remember?" Natasha asked with a smile, "how once, long, long ago, when we were quite little, Uncle called us into the study- -and it was dark- -we went in and suddenly there stood- -"

"A negro," chimed in Nicholas with a smile of delight. "Of course I remember. Even now I don't know whether there really was a negro, or if we only dreamed it or were told about him."

"He was gray, you remember, and had white teeth, and stood and looked at us- -"

"Sonya, do you remember?" asked Nicholas.

"Yes, yes, I do remember something, too," Sonya answered timidly.

"You know I have asked Papa and Mamma about that negro," mused Natasha, "and they say there was no negro at all. But you see, you remember!"

"How strange it is! It's as if it were a dream! I like that!"

"And do you remember how once we rolled hard-boiled eggs in the ballroom, and suddenly two old women began spinning round on the carpet? Was that real or not? Do you remember what fun it was?"

Dimmler, one of the tutors, came in quietly and began to play the harp in the corner.

"Do you know," said Natasha in a whisper, moving closer to Nicholas and Sonya, "that when one goes on and on recalling memories, one begins to remember what happened before one was in the world. I am certain that we were angels somewhere there, and that is why we remember."

"Natasha! Why are you sitting in the dark? Sing me something," said the old countess as she came into the hall.

Natasha got up and Nicholas sat down at the clavichord to play for her. Standing in her favorite place in the middle of the hall, Natasha began to sing her mother's favorite song. Just as the song ended, fourteen year old Petya rushed in.

"Some mummers have come!" he cried delightedly.

The mummers were some of the count's house serfs dressed up as bears, Turks, innkeepers, and ladies--some frightening and some funny. They crowded into the anteroom, bringing with them the cold from the outside and a feeling of gaiety. Hiding behind one another, they pushed into the ballroom. Shyly at first, and then more and more merrily and heartily, they started singing, dancing, and playing Christmas games.

The old countess laughed and tried to guess who they were. The count sat smiling happily and cheering the players. The young people

had suddenly disappeared.

Half an hour later there appeared among the other mummers in the ballroom an old lady in a hooped skirt- -this was Nicholas. A Turkish girl was Petya. A clown was Dimmler. An hussar was Natasha, and a Circassian with burnt-cork mustache and eyebrows was Sonya.

A merry holiday tone passed from one to another. The older folks pretended to be quite surprised and unable to recognize these newcomers.

"Dear me," cried the count, "who are these mummers?"

"Look at the handsome Circassian. Who can it be?" asked Madame Schoss, one of the governesses.

"They are so clever," laughed the old countess, as she gazed fondly at the Turkish girl.

"We should go somewhere else," declared Natasha. "Our costumes are good! We should show them to others."

"I know," cried Nicholas, "the roads are in splendid condition. Let's all drive to Uncle's in my troyka."

"Oh, no, don't disturb the old fellow," said the countess. "If you must go, go to the Melyukovs'."

Melyukova was a widow who lived with her children and their tutors and governesses about three miles from the Rostovs.

"That's right, my dear," chimed in the old count, "I'll dress up at once and go with them."

"No, your leg has been bad all week. You must not go out, but the girls may go, if Madame Schoss will go with them."

"Please, Madame Schoss, don't refuse!" urged the young people.

Madame Schoss consented, and in half an hour four troyka sleighs with large and small bells, their runners squeaking and whistling over

the frozen snow, drove up to the porch of Otradnoe.

The merry mood of the mummers grew stronger and stronger as they came out into the frost and got into the sleighs talking, calling to one another, laughing, and shouting.

Nicholas with his hussar overcoat belted over his old lady's dress, stood in the center of his troyka. It was so light they could see the moonlight reflected from the metal disks of the harness and from the eyes of the horses. The horses looked around in alarm at the noisy party on the porch.

Natasha, Sonya, Madame Schoss, and two maids got into Nicholas' troyka. Dimmler, his wife, and Petya climbed into the count's. The other mummers climbed into the other sleighs.

"You go ahead Zakhar," Nicholas shouted to his father's coachman. He planned to race past him later.

Zakhar started off, the deep-toned bell of his troyka clanging. The horses sank in the dry snow, which glistened like sugar, as their hoofs threw it up.

Nicholas followed him down the narrow road. They rode out on a snowy plain bathed in moonlight. It spread out before them, glittering like diamonds and dappled with bluish shadows.

"How light it is, Nicholas," came Sonya's voice.

They were soon on the beaten highroad- -polished by sleigh runners and cut up by rough shod hoofs. The horses began to tug at the reins and of their own accord began to go faster. The shouts, laughter, and the voices of the mummers could be heard from all the sleighs. One horse, arching his head, tugged at his traces. One moved his ears as if asking, "Isn't it time to begin now?" Far off the deep bell on the troyka driven

by Zakhar could be heard ringing.

"Gee up, my darlings," shouted Nicholas, pulling the reins and flourishing the whip. The troyka seemed to be flying. With screams, squeals, and waving of whips, the other sleighs followed.

Nicholas overtook the first sleigh just as they were crossing a meadow near a river.

"Where are we?" thought Nicholas. "I suppose it is the Kosoy meadow. But no--this is something new. I've never seen this before. This can't be just a meadow. Heaven knows what it is. It is something enchanted."

He turned, shouted to his horses, and began to pass the first sleigh.

Zakhar held back his horses and turned his face which was covered with hoarfrost, or frozen dew, to his eyebrows.

"Now, look out, master!" he cried, as he clucked his tongue and let his horses go.

Faster still the two troykas flew. Nicholas began to draw ahead. Zakhar raised one hand with the reins.

"No you won't, master!" he shouted.

Nicholas put all his horses to a gallop and passed Zakhar. Fine snow was showered on the faces of those in the sleighs. Beside them sounded the quick ringing bells. The whistling sound of the runners on the snow and the shrieking voices of girls were heard.

Checking his horses, Nicholas glanced back. The magic plain was still bathed in moonlight and spangled with stars.

"To the left! Turn to the left!" he heard Zakhar shouting.

He looked around in the sleigh. It seemed to be filled with pretty, strange faces.

"Look, look, his mustache and eyelashes are all white with hoar-frost!" cried one of the pretty faces.

Nicholas looked again at the strange people.

"That used to be Natasha, that Madame Schoss, and this Circassian with the mustache, is Sonya," thought Nicholas.

"Here we are!" the voices shouted.

"This can't be the Melyukovs'. This is a fairy forest with black moving shadows, glittering diamonds and a flight of marble steps. There are the silver roofs of fairy buildings," thought Nicholas.

Maids and footmen with merry faces came running out on the porch carrying candles.

"Who is it?" asked someone on the porch.

"It's the mummers from the count's," cried someone. "I know by the horses."

Hussars, ladies, witches, clowns, and bears climbed from the sleighs and wiping the hoarfrost from their faces went into the ballroom. Candles were hurriedly lighted. The clown and the lady started a dance. Surrounded by screaming children, the mummers, covering their faces and disguising their voices, bowed to their hostess.

"Dear me! There's no recognizing them! And Natasha! See whom she looks like! She really reminds me of somebody. But Mr. Dimmler, isn't he good? I didn't know him! And how he dances! And who is that? Well, well, you have cheered us up! And we were sitting so quietly. Ha, ha, ha! Just like a boy!" different voices were saying.

The young Melyukovs disappeared with Natasha, their favorite. They called for a cork and some men's clothing. Ten minutes later they joined the mummers.

Melyukova gave orders for the room to be cleared for games and arranged for refreshments for the gentry and the serfs. Then she went among the mummers, peering into their faces and failing to recognize any of them. She not only failed to recognize the Rostovs, but she did not even know her own daughters.

"Who is this?" she asked her governess, as she peered into the face of one of her daughters, dressed as a Tartar. "I suppose it is one of the Rostovs. Well, Mr. Hussar, and what regiment do you serve in?" she asked Natasha.

The mummers, feeling that they were so well disguised that no one could recognize them, were not at all shy. Melyukova hid her face in her handkerchief, and her whole large body shook with kindly, elderly laughter as she looked at the strange and amusing capers cut by the dancers.

They danced the Russian country dances and chorus dances, and then, Melyukova made the serfs and gentry form a large circle. A ring, a string, and a silver ruble were fetched, and they all played games together.

In an hour the costumes were crumpled and disordered. The corked eyebrows and mustaches were smeared over the merry, flushed faces. Melyukova then began to recognize the mummers.

"How clever your costumes are," she laughed, "and how they suit the young ladies! I thank you for entertaining us so well. Now come into the drawing room."

Supper was served to the gentry in the drawing room, while the serfs had refreshments in the ballroom.

During supper they began to talk of telling fortunes.

"Tell what happened to the young lady who went to the bathhouse," Melyukova's daughter begged an old nurse who lived with them.

"Well," she began, "once a young lady went out to the bathhouse, set the table for two, all properly, and sat down. After sitting awhile, she suddenly hears someone coming. . .a sleigh drives up with harness bells; she hears him coming! He comes in, just in the shape of a man, like any officer- -he comes in and sits down to table with her."

"Ah, Ah!" screamed Natasha, rolling her eyes with horror.

"And did he speak?"

"Yes, just like a man. Everything was quite all right. She should have kept him talking till cockcrow, but she got frightened, just got frightened and hid her face in her hands. Then he caught her up. It was lucky the maids ran in just then. . ."

"Now, why frighten them?" asked Melyukova.

"Mamma, you used to try your fate yourself." said her daughter.

"How does one try one's fate in the barn?" asked Sonya.

"Well, say you went to the barn now and listened. It depends on what you hear; hammering and knocking- -that's bad, but a sound of shifting grain is good, and one sometimes hears that too."

"Mamma, tell us what happened to you in the barn."

"Oh, I've forgotten!" said Melyukova, smiling fondly at the happy young people.

Late in the evening the Rostovs flew through the snow again, with the sparkling sky overhead. It seemed more than ever like fairyland.

When they reached home, they told their mother of the fun they had had, and without washing the burned cork off their faces, they tumbled happily into bed.

THE GRAND BALL

"Whenever will you be ready?" called Count Rostov. "Peronskaya must be tired of waiting!"

"In a minute! In a minute!" cried Natasha. She had been in a fever of excitement all day, for it was New Year's Eve, and she was going to her first grand ball. Even the Emperor, the ruler of all Russia, would be at the ball. She had thought of nothing else for days.

The Rostovs had washed carefully, perfumed, and powdered, as befits a ball. The openwork silk stockings and white satin shoes with ribbons were already on. Sonya and the countess were dressed, but Natasha, who had bustled about helping them, was late. She was seated before a mirror while a maid arranged her hair. Sonya was standing in the middle of the room fixing a ribbon.

"That's not the way, Sonya!" cried Natasha. "That's not right. Come here!"

Sonya sat down and Natasha pinned the bow differently.

"Allow me, Miss! I can't do your hair," said the maid holding Natasha's hair.

"Oh, dear! Well then, wait. Now, that's right, Sonya."

"Aren't you ready?" called the countess. "It's nearly ten."

"Directly! Directly! And you, Mamma?"

"I have only my cap to put on."

"Don't do it without me!" called Natasha. "You won't do it right."

Natasha was determined that they would look as well as possible.

"But it is already ten."

"I'm coming! My hair is done."

Natasha ran to her mother. She turned her mother's head this way and that before she fastened the cap. She hurriedly kissed the gray hair and ran back to the maid who was turning up the hem of her skirt.

"Quicker, darling, quicker!"

"It's ready, Miss," said the maid holding up the gossamer dress. It was just like Sonya's. The dress was made of white gauze over a pink slip with roses on the bodice. Natasha slipped it on just as the count came in.

"Oh, Papa! How nice you look! Charming!" cried Natasha as she looked at her father who was wearing a blue swallow-tail coat. He was perfumed and his hair was pomaded.

"Say what you like," cried Sonya, in a voice filled with despair. "Your dress is still too long."

Natasha stepped back to look. The dress was too long.

"Well, if it's too long, we'll hem it up- -we'll take it up in a minute," said the maid, as she shifted the pins from one side of her mouth to the other side. She crawled on her knees after Natasha.

With soft steps, the countess came in shyly in her red velvet cap and gown.

"Oo- -oo, my beauty!" exclaimed the count.

"Mamma, your cap! More to this side," said Natasha, and as she rushed forward, she tore her skirt.

"Oh goodness! What has happened?"

"Never mind, I'll run it up. It won't show." said the maid, as she began mending Natasha's skirt.

"Oh, what beauties," said the nurse, looking in. "You are lovely!"

"Well, we are really going at last," cried Natasha, as they rode off in the carriage at a quarter past ten.

They stopped for Peronskaya who was to accompany them. Peronskaya, a distant relative of the Countess Rostova, was a maid of honor at the court of the Dowager Empress, the Emperor's mother. When the Rostovs were in Petersburg, Peronskaya piloted them in the brilliant society of Russia's capital.

They praised each other's appearance and taste, and careful of their hair and dresses, settled back in the swaying carriage.

"Sonya, it's too splendid to be true!" whispered Natasha as she pressed her cousin's hand. "Just imagine the lights, the flowers, the music, the dances, and being with all the brilliant Petersburg society! I can hardly wait!"

"Here we are," said the count as they stopped before a mansion that glittered with lights. Police stood at the entrance which was covered with red cloth. Carriages with red livered footmen with plumes drove away while fresh ones arrived.

"Look at the bright uniforms with the stars and ribbons," whispered Sonya. Natasha was looking at the lovely ladies dressed in satin and ermine, who climbed carefully down the little carriage steps.

Natasha followed her mother into the hall and took off her fur cloak. As she mounted the stairs between the flowers, she tried to look majestic, as she thought one should at a ball. Instead, her eyes grew misty, she saw nothing clearly, her pulse raced, and the blood throbbed at her heart. She was afraid she was going to faint from excitement. The lights and glitter of the ballroom dazzled her still more.

"Delighted to see you," the older folks greeted the host and hostess.

The two girls, each with a rose in her black hair, curtsied in the same way. The hostess looked at the lovely Natasha and gave her a

special smile in addition to her usual smile as a hostess.

"Charming," said the host, kissing the tips of his fingers.

The guests were crowded around the doorways waiting for the Emperor. Natasha saw people looking at her and heard some asking about her. As she realized that the people who noticed her, liked her, she became calmer.

"There are some here like ourselves," she said to Sonya, "and some worse."

Peronskaya knew everyone and pointed them out. Suddenly Natasha's face lighted up. She had seen a stout man wearing glasses, pushing through the crowd.

"It's Pierre," thought Natasha. "He did come. He is looking for me." Pierre, an old friend, had promised Natasha that he would come to the ball and introduce partners to her.

Just then everyone began talking. The music struck up and the Emperor entered. He bowed to the right and to the left as he entered the drawing room. The crowd rushed to the doors and then drew back as the smiling Emperor came back leading his hostess by the hand. The men began to choose partners for the polonaise. No one chose Natasha.

Natasha gazed straight ahead with glittering eyes. She didn't care at all about these great people or even the Emperor. She only wanted to be chosen for the dance.

"Aren't any of these men going to notice me? They look at me as if they were saying, 'Oh, she is not the one I'm after!' Can it be possible that I'm not going to be among the first to dance?"

Natasha was ready to cry. This was her first ball, and no one was interested in her.

"They must know how I long to dance and how splendidly I dance! I know they would enjoy dancing with me!"

The music ceased. The Emperor looked smilingly down the long room. From the gallery came the strains of a waltz. As she watched the dancers begin to whirl and glide, Natasha was filled with despair. She had thought it would be wonderful to go to a ball, but she had never been so unhappy.

Just then Pierre came up to her with Prince Andrew, an acquaintance of the Rostovs'. Smiling and courteously bowing, Prince Andrew asked Natasha to dance. Natasha's face lighted up.

"I have long been waiting for you," her happy smile seemed to say.

Prince Andrew was one of the best dancers of the day, and Natasha danced exquisitely. Her face beamed with happiness. Prince Andrew was quite charmed by this lovely young girl.

After she had danced with Prince Andrew, so many other young men asked Natasha to dance, that she did not stop dancing all evening. Flushed and happy, she passed her extra partners on to Sonya.

This was what Natasha had dreamed of for days! She had such a wonderful time that she did not even see the Emperor leave. She only noticed that he had gone because the ball became livelier after his departure.

Prince Andrew asked Natasha to be his partner again for a merry cotillion. With her he behaved with special care and tenderness. As they were returning to their seats, another young man chose her. Natasha was tired but she gaily put her hand on the young man's shoulder as she smiled at Prince Andrew. Her smile seemed to say:

"I'd be glad to sit beside you and rest. I'm tired, but you see how they keep asking me. I'm glad of it. I'm happy and I love everybody!"

When her partner left her, Natasha ran across the room to choose two ladies for the figure.

"If she goes to her cousin first and then to another lady, she will be my wife!" said Prince Andrew quite to his surprise, as he watched her. She ran to her cousin first.

"What thoughts sometimes enter one's head!" thought the prince. "But it is certain that that girl is so charming that she won't be dancing here a month until she will be married. Such girls are rare here."

The smiling old count came up in his blue coat. He invited Prince Andrew to come to see them, and turning to Natasha, he asked:

"Are you enjoying yourself, my dear?"

Natasha's thin arms rose quickly as if to embrace her father and then quickly dropped as she remembered where they were.

"I have never enjoyed myself so much before! She was at the height of happiness. It seemed to her that all the people at the ball were good, kind, splendid people, who should all be as happy as she.

Supper was announced, and soon afterward the Rostovs drove home tired, but very happy.

"That's what the Hazzards!" cried the woman, not knowing that the woman
the Hazzards were named as the names of the Hazzards were where he had been
waiting for one of the Hazzards was the Hazzards and the Hazzards.

Pierre was the only one of the Hazzards who was not a Hazzard
and he was the only one of the Hazzards who was not a Hazzard.

MY FATHERLAND

Pierre was the only one of the Hazzards who was not a Hazzard
and he was the only one of the Hazzards who was not a Hazzard.
He was the only one of the Hazzards who was not a Hazzard.
He was the only one of the Hazzards who was not a Hazzard.

Pierre was the only one of the Hazzards who was not a Hazzard
and he was the only one of the Hazzards who was not a Hazzard.
He was the only one of the Hazzards who was not a Hazzard.
He was the only one of the Hazzards who was not a Hazzard.

Pierre was the only one of the Hazzards who was not a Hazzard
and he was the only one of the Hazzards who was not a Hazzard.
He was the only one of the Hazzards who was not a Hazzard.
He was the only one of the Hazzards who was not a Hazzard.

"Well, what about my plan?" Pierre asked the woman. "I'll
bring it up today." answered Pierre almost absently, for he was thinking
about Madame, Pierre's only sister.

"Oh yes, your plan. To join the Hazzards. I'll mention it. I'll
bring it up today." answered Pierre almost absently, for he was thinking
about Madame, Pierre's only sister.

"That must be Pierre!" cried snub-nosed, curly-headed Petya Rostov. His black eyes danced as he rushed from the drawing room where he had been waiting to see if it really was his friend and namesake.

Petya was the scape-grace of his family. He was bad at lessons and was always breaking things and worrying people. Nevertheless, he was always so merry and witty that no one could be angry with him. He was supposed to be studying so he could enter the university in the fall. He was really spending all his time trying to find a way to join the army. Since his brother, Nicholas, had returned to the front, Petya felt that he just had to join the army and help Russia win this war with France.

Petya admired and envied all the dashing young officers he saw on the streets of Moscow, but he had decided to become an hussar. The hussars, the light horse troops of the Russian army, who wore such handsome, brilliantly colored uniforms, and were armed with sabers and carbines were his favorites. He was even now secretly planning to run away with a friend and join them.

Petya was only fifteen and so feared that he might be thought too young for the hussars. He had told Pierre his plan and had begged him to find out if the hussars would take him. He had hardly been able to wait for the news. Pierre was in the anteroom. Petya grabbed his arm.

"Well, what about my plan? Pierre, for heaven's sake! You are my only hope!"

"Oh yes, your plan. To join the hussars. I'll mention it. I'll bring it up today." answered Pierre absent-mindedly, for he was thinking about Natasha, Petya's pretty sister.

Before Petya could say more, Count Rostov hurried out from his study where he, too, had been waiting for Pierre. Alarming news had been spreading throughout Moscow. There were rumors that the Emperor had left the army and was on his way to Moscow. Some said that the Emperor was sending a manifesto to the people to explain how serious the war had become. The count hoped Pierre would bring a copy of this important message.

"Well, my friend, have you got the manifesto?" the count asked. "The countess has been to Mass and has heard the new prayer for victory. She says it's very fine."

"Yes, I've got it," said Pierre. "The Emperor will be here tomorrow. . .there's talk of an important meeting of the nobility."

In 1812, Alexander was the Emperor, or Tsar, of Russia. As Emperor he was the head of the government and the church. The land and wealth of Russia belonged to him and to a few old Russian families, known as the nobility. Most of the other people were serfs or peasants who belonged to the noblemen and worked for them.

"What is the news from the army?" asked the count.

"The French are driving us back!"

"O Lord, O Lord!" exclaimed the count. "Where is the manifesto?"

"The Emperor's message? Oh, yes."

Pierre began feeling in his pockets, but could not find the paper.

"I don't know what I've done with it! I must have left it at home."

"No, here it is," cried Sonya, who had found it in Pierre's hat.

"We'll read it right after dinner." said the count.

After dinner they gathered in the drawing room. Sonya, who read very well, was asked to read the manifesto. It began:

"To Moscow, our ancient capital!"

"The enemy has entered the borders of Russia with large forces. He comes to destroy our beloved country." The message went on to say that the Emperor needed the help of the nobility to save the fatherland, as the Russians called their country. It ended:

"May the ruin he hopes to bring upon us fall on his own head, and may Europe, delivered from bondage, glorify the name of Russia!" The Russians felt that since Napoleon had already conquered so many countries, they, alone, would have to save Europe.

"Destroy Moscow!" thought Petya as he listened. He glanced through the window at the shining gold domes and crosses rising over the city. He thought of the Kremlin, the walled city, in the center of Moscow, with its great palaces, churches, and government buildings.

"So this is what war is!" he thought. "This is why there are tears in so many eyes."

Petya's eyes were moist, too. He loved Moscow. To Petya, this city was Russia, the fatherland he loved so dearly. The French must not destroy her!

For the first time Petya realized that war was more than just an excuse to wear bright uniforms, and to ride splendid horses. Now he knew he had to become a soldier and help protect his fatherland.

Sonya had stopped reading. The hearts of the others in the room had been moved. They knew that the Russians could never live under the rule of the French. Count Rostov rose to his feet and cried with shining eyes:

"Let the Emperor but say the word and we'll sacrifice everything and begrudge nothing!"

Natasha ran to her father.

"What a darling our papa is!" she cried, kissing him.

Petya stared at his father in amazement. He could hardly believe his ears.

"If father feels like that," he thought, "perhaps he will help me."

Burning with excitement, he rushed up to his father and cried:

"I tell you Papa, and Mamma too, you must let me enter the army, because I- -I- -" and Petya turned his flushed face from his father to his mother, unable to say more.

At Petya's words, his mother clasped her hands and looked frightened. Then she turned to her husband and cried angrily:

"This has come of your foolish talk!" Nicholas was gone, and she could not bear the thought of losing another son.

Seeing how upset the countess had become, the count quickly turned to Petya and said:

"Come, come, you would be a fine warrior! You are just a baby. No! This is nonsense. You must study!"

"It's not nonsense! You said yourself that we would sacrifice everything. Others younger than I are going. Besides, how can I study when our fatherland is in danger?"

"Petya, be quiet!" cried the count.

Petya turned and ran to his own room. He locked his door and wept bitterly.

"Napoleon is marching toward Moscow. My Emperor and my country need me, and Papa says that I must study! I won't be stopped!"

Just then a happy thought struck him.

"The Emperor will be here tomorrow! I'll ask his permission to become an hussar!"

PETYA AND THE EMPEROR

PETYA AND THE EMPEROR

"I, Count Rostov, in spite of my youth, wish to serve my country," said Petya with a sweeping bow before his looking glass. He was practicing what he would say to the Emperor's gentlemen-in-waiting. "Youth is no hindrance to loyalty, and I am willing to give my very life!"

Petya had been heartbroken when his father had refused to hear of his becoming an hussar to help drive the French army out of Russia. But that was yesterday. Today he was happy and excited. He had a clever, new plan--one that could not fail. He was going to the Emperor, himself, and ask his permission to become an hussar.

"He will not refuse me! Only yesterday he sent a manifesto to the people of Russia, asking them to help win the war."

He peered into his looking glass as he arranged his hair and collar to look like a grown-up man's.

"He knows how much the army needs men," thought Petya.

Satisfied at last with his appearance, he picked up his cap and slipped out the back without a word to anyone.

The Emperor was to be at the Kremlin. Petya turned toward the gold domes and crosses that rose above the thick walls that surrounded the Kremlin. Inside the walls were the government buildings, the churches, and the palaces of the royal family. He could see the cross at the top of the holiest church in all Russia--the church where all the Tsars were crowned. Today there would be a service there.

He walked toward Trinity Gateway in a very dignified manner. Though he was trying very hard to look grown-up, he felt sure he would be allowed to see the Emperor because he was so very young. He had to smile to himself as he imagined how surprised everyone would be at his youthfulness.

As he neared the Kremlin, the streets became crowded by others who also hoped to see the Emperor. Petya found it hard to remain dignified. Soon he was forced to stick his elbows out on both sides to keep the people from crushing him.

Just as he entered Trinity Gateway, the royal carriages arrived with the Emperor. The crowd pressed Petya back against the wall as the carriages rolled by.

"I must see," thought Petya. He began working his way with his elbows. A peasant woman in front of him, seeing his fine clothes, shouted angrily- -

"Why are you shoving, young lordling? Don't you see that we are standing still? Then why push?"

"Anybody can shove!" cried a footman on the other side of Petya. He began working his elbows so hard that Petya was pushed even farther into the dirty corner. His face began to perspire. He wiped it with his handkerchief and pulled up his damp, wrinkled collar.

"I know that I no longer look nice, but it is so crowded I can't smarten myself up," thought Petya in despair. "If I go to the Emperor's gentlemen-in-waiting looking like this, they may not let me see the Emperor."

"Oh, I know that general. I could ask him to help me," thought Petya as he saw a friend of his family pass by in one of the carriages.

"But no, that would not be a manly thing to do," he decided.

When the carriages had passed, the crowd streamed after them into the Kremlin Square, carrying Petya along. He could see nothing. Over the joyous voice of the crowd he could hear the sound of many bells. Suddenly every head was bared and the crowd rushed forward.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" they shouted.

Petya stood on tiptoe and pushed with all his strength, but he saw nothing but the people around him. On every face was the same expression of excitement and adoration. Tears ran down the cheeks of some as they shouted:

"Father! Angel! Dear One!"

For a moment the crowd was still--then it made a mad rush forward.

"I must see what is happening," thought Petya.

Quite beside himself because he couldn't see, Petya clinched his teeth, rolled his eyes ferociously, and pushed forward. As he elbowed his way, he shouted "Hurrah!" as if he were ready to kill himself and everyone else. On every side other people pushed forward with faces just as ferocious as his, and everyone shouted:

"Hurrah!"

"So this is what the Emperor is," thought Petya, seeing the people's love and respect for their ruler. "No, I can't ask to speak to him myself; that would be too bold."

In spite of this, he still tried to push forward, and from between the backs of those in front of him, he caught glimpses of an open space with a strip of red cloth spread out on it. The Emperor was passing from the palace to the cathedral for the service.

Just then Petya suddenly received such a blow on his side and ribs and was squeezed so hard that everything grew dim before his eyes and he lost consciousness. When he came to himself, a churchman, wearing a shabby blue robe, was holding him under his arm.

"You've crushed the young gentleman!" he said. "What are you up to? Gently--they've crushed him!"

The Emperor entered the cathedral. The crowd spread out more evenly. The man led Petya, pale and breathless, to the Tsar-cannon, a very large cannon. Several people were sorry for Petya and began to attend to him. They scolded those others, whoever they might be, who had crushed him.

"One might easily get killed that way. Killing people! Poor dear, he's as white as a sheet." voices were heard saying.

Petya came to himself. His color returned, and the pain passed. At the cost of that small accident, he found he had a place by the Tsar-cannon from where he could see the Emperor return. Petya didn't think of trying to speak to him. If he could only see the Emperor, he would be happy.

Petya sat on the cannon and thought of the Emperor and his love for him. He felt the importance of this occasion and wanted desperately to do something to show his love.

A cannon was fired from the embankment. Many ran to watch. Petya would have run there, but the man who had taken the young gentleman under his protection stopped him. At that moment officers, generals, and gentlemen-in-waiting came running out of the cathedral.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! shouted the crowd. Four men in bright uniforms and sashes came through the door.

"Which is he? Which?" screamed Petya in a tearful voice. No one answered him. Everyone was too excited. Petya picked out one of the men, whom he could not clearly see for the tears of joy that filled his eyes, and poured out his heart in a loud "Hurrah!" though the one he had picked out was not the Emperor.

"Come what might! Tomorrow, I will join the army!" thought Petya.

The crowd ran after the Emperor. They followed him to the palace and then began to leave. It was quite late. Petya had not eaten anything and was wet with perspiration, but he could not go home. He stood with the smaller crowd before the palace while the Emperor dined. He looked in at the palace windows, expecting he knew not what, and envying alike the nobles who were dining with the Emperor and the footmen who served the table.

While the Emperor was dining, one of the nobles, looking out of the window, said:

"The people are still hoping to see your Majesty again."

The dinner was nearly over. The Emperor, munching a biscuit, rose and went out on the balcony. The people rushed forward.

"Angel! Dear One! Father!" cried the crowd. Again women and men of weaker mold, Petya among them, wept with joy.

A large piece of the biscuit the Emperor was holding in his hand broke off and fell to the ground. A coachman in a jerkin sprang forward and snatched it up. Several people in the crowd rushed at the coachman. Seeing this, the Emperor had a plateful of biscuits brought him and began throwing them down from the balcony.

Petya's eyes grew bloodshot. Still more excited by the danger of being crushed, he rushed at the biscuits. He did not know why, but he had to have a biscuit from the Tsar's hand.

"I must have one," he cried as he sprang forward and upset an old woman who was catching at a biscuit. Though the woman was lying on the ground, she did not give up. She grabbed at some biscuits, but her hand did not reach them. Petya pushed her hand away with his knee, seized a biscuit, and as if fearing he would be too late, screamed in a voice already hoarse:

"Hurrah!"

The Emperor went in, and after that the greater part of the crowd left.

"There, I said if we only waited- -and so it was," was being joyfully said by the people.

Tired as Petya was, he felt sad at having to go home, knowing that all the enjoyment of that day was over. He did not go straight home but called on his friend who was also entering the service. When he returned home, he announced firmly:

"I am going to enter the service. If you won't allow me, I shall run away."

Count Rostov had been with the Emperor that day. With tears in his eyes, he had promised to do all in his power to help save Russia. He consented to Petya's request, but though he went at once to enter his son's name in the army, he hoped he might have him placed where there would be no danger.

Malasha looked down from her perch with shy delight at the uniformed officers in her grandfather's best room. His Serene Highness Kutuzov, the commander-in-chief of the Russian army, had asked her grandfather if he might use the big room of his hut that afternoon. Napoleon's French army had entered Russia. They were at the gates of Moscow. Kutuzov had called all his generals to a council of war. The large peasant family had crowded into the back room of the hut. Six-year-old Malasha had not joined her family. She was on top of the big brick oven that heated the hut.

"Granddad" as Malasha in her own mind called Kutuzov, had petted her and given her a lump of sugar while he drank his tea. She was not at all afraid of this important man.

Malasha watched the generals come in wearing their bright, decorated uniforms. Some of them sat down under the icons, on the broad benches, where Malasha loved to sit and look at the holy pictures.

" 'Granddad's' collar must pinch his neck," Malasha decided as she looked at Kutuzov sitting in the dark corner behind the oven, clearing his throat, and pulling at his collar.

She looked back at the crowd around the table that was covered with pencils, maps, and papers. Some of the men talked in low tones. They seemed to be waiting for something. One kind-faced general smiled at Malasha.

Another general came. He began to talk at once in an important manner. Malasha at once named him "Longcoat".

"Are we going to let the French take Moscow, or are we going to fight to save our ancient capital?" he demanded.

The generals all looked at "Granddad". His face puckered up, and Malasha was afraid he was going to cry. Suddenly, he leaned forward, looked at "Longcoat" and asked: "Isn't it better to lose Moscow without a fight than to fight and lose Moscow and the army?"

Everybody began to talk. As she listened to "Granddad" and "Longcoat" say spiteful things to each other, Malasha decided:

" 'Granddad' and 'Longcoat' are having a quarrel. I hope 'Granddad' wins."

To her joy she saw that "Granddad" had said something that had settled "Longcoat". He had turned red and walked up and down the room.

It grew very quiet. "Granddad" sighed and went up to the table.

"Gentlemen," he said, "by the authority given me by my Emperor and my country, I order a retreat."

Malasha wasn't sure just what a retreat meant.

"It must be sad," she thought as she saw the generals begin to leave. "They look like they are leaving a funeral."

Malasha, who had long been expected for supper, began carefully to climb backwards down from the oven. Her bare little feet caught at the cracks. As she slipped through the legs of the generals, she heard Kutuzov say as he struck the table with his fist:

"I did not expect this! They shall eat horseflesh yet!"

The council of war was over.

In the late summer of 1862, Napoleon's army moved forward, the old capital of Mexico. Every Mexican knew in his heart that Mexico's last days had come - that the city would fall to the French. With heavy cannon shells began falling, taking with them what little life there was.

Throughout their history and even the darkest periods in the city. The new year would.

THE BOY SOLDIER

returned. He was being transferred from the Comanche to a regiment that was training near Mexico. The company he was sent to was known as the "Boy Soldier" because of the age of its members. Most of them were boys, some as young as ten. They were sent to Mexico to fight the French. The company was sent to Mexico to fight the French. The company was sent to Mexico to fight the French.

Charles was the youngest boy in the company. He was only ten years old. He was sent to Mexico to fight the French. The company was sent to Mexico to fight the French. The company was sent to Mexico to fight the French.

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In the late summer of 1812, Napoleon's large army neared Moscow, the old capital of Russia. Every Russian knew in his heart that Moscow's last days had come--that the city would fall to the French. With heavy hearts people began leaving, taking with them what they could.

Though all their friends had gone, the Rostovs remained in the city. The countess would not hear of leaving until her beloved Petya returned. He was being transferred from the Cossacks to a regiment that was training near Moscow. The countess had been sick with terror at the thought that both of her sons were in danger. Now she would at least have her baby under her wing. The countess secretly hoped to have Petya moved to a place where he could not possibly take part in a battle.

Sixteen-year-old Petya arrived. He was not at all pleased with the way his mother petted him. Afraid that she would make him girlish, he stayed away from her and spent his time with his sister, Natasha.

Natasha was in high spirits. She was delighted to have Petya home to adore her. The house was filled with their running feet, their cries, and their laughter. They laughed and were gay, not because there was any reason to laugh, but because gaiety and mirth were in their hearts, so everything that happened was cause for laughter.

Petya was in high spirits because he had left home a boy and returned a fine young man, or so everyone told him. He was gay because he was home and because he was in Moscow where he might take part in a battle in a few days.

They were gay because there was war near Moscow. There would be fighting at the town gates. Arms were being given out. People were escaping, and in general exciting things were happening.

One evening Petya came home eager and excited:

"The people are getting arms in the Kremlin. Everyone is to go armed to the Three Hills near Moscow tomorrow. There is to be a big battle," he cried with shining eyes.

His mother looked at him with horror. She did not dare say a word for fear that he would say something about men, honor, and fatherland. The countess quickly planned to leave before the battle and take Petya with her for her protection.

"I'll die of fright if we don't leave this very night!" she told the count with tears in her eyes.

The old count hastily set the whole Rostov household to work packing. They worked until late that night and fell asleep without undressing.

The next morning the church bells everywhere were ringing for service, just as usual on Sundays, but there was a feeling of excitement in the air. Moscow's last day had come.

Late that evening the family was at last ready to leave. Petya had rejoined his regiment, in spite of his mother's pleas.

The next morning at ten o'clock, Napoleon stood high on a hill among his troops. He was looking down at Moscow spread out before him with her river, her gardens, her churches, and her cupolas glittering like stars in the bright autumn sunlight.

Napoleon had never seen anything like this strange city.

"Holy Moscow! That city of many churches! Here it is at last, that famous city!" Every Russian feels that Moscow is a mother, and Napoleon, too, felt this was true as he looked at Moscow.

The French army entered Moscow, and after looting and burning the city, they began to retreat toward the borders of Russia. As they

moved along, small bands of Russians called guerrillas, hid in the forest and attacked the French army.

Petya had been taken as an orderly by a general who commanded a large guerrilla band. He had taken part in the battle of Vyazma and had been in a constant state of joyous excitement at being grown-up and in a dream-like hurry not to miss any chance to do something really heroic. He was highly delighted with what he saw and did in the army. At the same time, it always seemed to him that the really heroic acts took place just where he did not happen to be. He was always in a hurry to get where he was not.

The leader of one small band of guerrillas was Denisov, an old friend of the Rostovs. He had been following a convoy of French cavalry baggage all day. Two messengers had just brought messages from the commanders of two large bands, asking him to join them in an attack on the convoy. To each general Denisov sent word that he was under the command of the other. He was not going to lose his own command.

Denisov and his friend Dolokhov, another guerrilla leader, were planning to attack the convoy alone. First they were trying to find out just what troops these were and how many men they had. That morning they had captured a French drummer boy, but he could tell them little about the troops.

Denisov was riding through the rain, watching the French army, when he suddenly stopped.

"There is someone coming!"

An officer and a Cossack came riding up. The officer was a very young lad, with a broad, rosy face and keen, merry eyes. He was soaked and untidy. His trousers had worked up above his knees. He galloped up to Denisov and handed him a wet letter.

"From the general," said the officer. "Please excuse it's not being quite dry."

Denisov frowned and opened the letter.

"They keep telling us it's dangerous, it's dangerous!" said the young officer, "but we," he pointed to the Cossack, "are prepared. We have two pistols- -but what's this?" he asked excitedly, seeing the French drummer boy. "A prisoner? You've been in action? May I speak to him?"

"Petya Rostov!" cried Denisov. "Why didn't you say who you were?" With a smile Denisov held out his hand to the boy.

Petya had planned all the way that he would behave with Denisov like a grown-up man and an officer. When Denisov smiled at him, Petya brightened up, blushed with pleasure, forgot to do the things he had planned, and began telling how he had already taken part in a battle with the French near Vyazma.

"Well, I am glad to see you," said Denisov, and he began talking to an officer in a cold tone.

Petya thought the cold tone was because of the way his trousers looked. He tried to pull them down under his greatcoat while trying to keep a military air and to look as much like an officer as possible.

"Will there be any orders, your honor?" he asked, "or shall I remain with your honor?"

"But can you stay- -until tomorrow?"

"Oh please, may I stay with you?" cried Petya.

"But just what did the general tell you? To return at once?" asked Denisov.

Petya blushed. When his general wanted someone to go to Denisov, Petya had begged so hard to be sent that the general could not refuse him. However, he remembered Petya's mad action at the battle of Vyazma. There,

instead of riding by the road to the place he had been sent, Petya had galloped to the front line under fire of the French and had twice fired his gun. When he gave Petya permission to go, the general said:

"I forbid you to take any part in any action whatever of Denisov's!"

Petya had intended to carry out his instructions carefully and to return at once. When he saw the French and learned that there was to be an attack that night, he decided that the general was rubbishy and that Denisov was a hero. He thought it would be shameful to leave him in a moment of difficulty.

"He gave me no instructions. I think I could?" he asked.

"Well, all right," said Denisov. The party rode across a ravine to the edge of the forest. After talking with an officer about the attack, Denisov turned his horse back.

"Now, my lad, we'll go and get dry," he said to Petya.

It was dusk when they rode up to the watch house. Cossacks and hussars had rigged up rough shelters in an open space. They were kindling fires in a hollow of the forest where the French could not see the smoke. In the small house Petya took off his wet clothes and gave them to be dried. He then began helping the officers fix the table for dinner.

Ten minutes later Petya was sitting with the officers, so happy that he loved all men and felt sure that others loved him the same way.

"So then, what do you think?" he said to Denisov. "It's all right, my staying with you a day?" and not waiting for an answer, he went on: "You see, I was told to find out. Well, I am finding out, only do let me into the very- -into the chief- -I don't want a reward- -but I want- -"

"Into the very chief- -" Denisov repeated with a smile.

"Only please let me command something, so I may really command- -" Petya begged. "What would it be to you? - -Oh, you want a knife?" he

said to an officer who wanted to cut a piece of mutton.

He handed him his clasp knife. The officer admired it.

"Please keep it. I have several like it," said Petya blushing.

"Heavens, I was quite forgetting," he suddenly cried. "I have some raisins, fine ones, you know, seedless ones. We have a new sutler with our troops, who has such capital things to sell us. I bought ten pounds. I am used to something sweet. Would you like some?" and Petya ran out to his Cossack and brought back some bags. "Have some, gentlemen, have some."

"Or perhaps your flints are giving out, or worn out- -that sometimes happens, you know. I bought some from our sutler. Here they are," and he showed a bag, "-one hundred flints. I bought them very cheap. Please take as many as you want, or all if you like- -"

Suddenly Petya stopped and blushed, ashamed that he had said too much. He tried to remember whether he had done anything else that was foolish. Thinking over the things that had happened, he remembered the French drummer boy.

"It's capital for us here, but what of him? Where have they put him? Have they fed him? Haven't they hurt his feelings?" he thought, but having caught himself saying too much about the flints, he was now afraid to speak out.

"I might ask," he thought, "but they'll say: 'He's only a boy himself and so pities the boy.' I'll show them tomorrow whether I'm a boy. Will it seem odd if I ask?" Petya thought. "Well, never mind," and beginning to blush again and looking at the officers to see if they were smiling he said:

"May I call that boy who was taken prisoner and give him something to eat? Perhaps- -"

"Yes, he's a poor little fellow." said Denisov, who must not have seen anything shameful in this request. "Call him. His name is Vincent Bosse. Have him fetched."

"I'll call him," said Petya.

"Yes, call him. A poor little fellow." Denisov repeated.

Petya, at these words, slipped through the officers, came close to Denisov, and said:

"Let me kiss you, dear old fellow. Oh, how splendid you are!" And having kissed Denisov, he ran out of the hut.

"Bosse! Vincent!" Petya called, stepping outside the hut.

"Who do you want, sir?" asked a voice in the darkness.

Petya replied that he wanted the French lad who had been captured that day.

"Ah, Vincent?" said a Cossack.

"He's warming himself there by the bonfire. Ho, Vincent!" laughing voices were heard calling to one another in the darkness.

"He's a smart lad," said an hussar standing near Petya. "We have given him something to eat. He was awfully hungry."

The sound of bare feet splashing through the mud was heard in the darkness, and the drummer boy came to the door.

"Ah, it's you," said Petya in French. "Do you want something to eat? Don't be afraid; they won't hurt you," he added shyly, and kindly touching the boy's hand, "Come in."

"Thank you, sir," said the boy in a trembling voice, and he began scraping his dirty feet at the entrance.

There were many things Petya wanted to do for the drummer boy, but he did not dare. He stood beside him in the passage way. Then in the darkness, he took the boy's hand and pressed it.

"Come in," he repeated in a gentle whisper. "Oh, what can I do for him?" he thought and opening the door, he let the boy pass in first.

When the boy had entered the hut, Petya sat down at a distance. He fingered the money in his pocket and wondered whether it would seem foolish to give the drummer boy a ruble.

Denisov gave him some mutton and vodka and had him dressed in a Russian coat so he might be kept with their band and not be sent off with the other prisoners.

The door opened. Dolokhov, the other guerrilla leader, had arrived. Petya had heard many stories of Dolokhov's bravery and his cruelty to the French. From the moment he entered the hut, Petya did not take his eyes from his face and straightened himself up more and more. He held his head high, that he might not be unworthy even of such company.

Dolokhov's simple dress amazed Petya.

Denisov wore a Cossack coat, had a beard, and on his breast he wore a wooden icon on which was painted the picture of St. Gregory. Even his way of speaking showed he was important. Dolokhov was clean-shaven and wore a guardsman's padded coat with the order of St. George at his button hole and a plain cap set straight on his head.

Denisov told all he knew of the enemy.

"But we must know what troops they are and their number," said Dolokhov. "It will be necessary to go there. I always do everything properly. Wouldn't one of these gentlemen like to ride over to the French camp with me? I have brought a spare French uniform.

"I'll- -I- -I'll go with you," cried Petya.

"There's no need for you to go at all," said Denisov, "and as for him," pointing to Petya, "I won't let him go on any account."

"I like that," exclaimed Petya. "Why shouldn't I go?"

"Because it's useless."

"Well, you must excuse me, because- -because I shall go, and that's all. You'll take me, won't you?" he asked, turning to Dolokhov.

"Why not?" Dolokhov answered.

"Tell the Cossack to fetch my kit. I have French uniforms in it. Well, are you coming with me?" he asked Petya.

"I? Yes, yes, certainly." cried Petya, blushing almost to tears and glancing at Denisov. Petya had been thinking, "Denisov must not dare to imagine that I'll obey him and that he can order me about. I will certainly go to the French camp with Dolokhov. If he can, so can I."

And to all Denisov's begging, Petya replied that he, too, did everything properly and not just anyhow and that he never thought of personal danger.

"For you'll admit that if we don't know for sure how many of them there are- -hundreds of lives may depend upon it, while there are only two of us. Besides I want to go very much, and certainly will go, so don't hinder me." he said.

Having put on the French greatcoats, Petya and Dolokhov rode into the hollow. Petya's heart was in his mouth with excitement.

"If we are caught, I won't be taken alive. I have a pistol," he whispered.

"Don't talk Russian," said Dolokhov in a hurried whisper. At that very moment they heard through the darkness the challenge, "Who goes there?" and the click of a musket.

The blood rushed to Petya's face, and he grasped his pistol. This was real adventure! Here was his chance to prove himself.

"Lancers of the Sixth Regiment," replied Dolokhov, neither hastening nor slowing his horse's pace.

The black figure of the sentinel stood on the bridge.

"Password."

Dolokhov reigned in his horse and advanced at a walk.

"Tell me, is Colonel Gerard here?" he asked.

"Password," repeated the sentinel, barring his way and not replying.

"When an officer is making his rounds, sentinels don't ask him for the password," cried Dolokhov suddenly flaring up and riding straight at the sentinel. "I am asking you if the Colonel is here!"

And without waiting for an answer from the sentinel, who had stepped aside, Dolokhov rode up the hill at a walk.

Noticing the black outline of a man crossing the road, Dolokhov stopped him and inquired where the commander and officers were. The man, a soldier with a sack over his shoulder, stopped, came close up to Dolokhov's horse, and touched it with his hand. He explained in a friendly way that the commander and the officers were higher up the hill to the right of the courtyard of the farm, as he called the landowner's house.

They rode up the road. On both sides they could hear French talk. They came to a campfire, around which several men were sitting, talking loudly. Something was boiling in a pot at the edge of the fire. A soldier in a peaked cap and blue overcoat was kneeling beside the pot, stirring it with a ramrod.

"Oh, he's a hard nut to crack," said one of the officers who was sitting in the shadow at the other side of the fire.

"He'll make them get a move on, those fellows," said another, laughing.

Both fell silent, peering out through the darkness at the sound of Dolokhov's and Petya's steps as they came up leading their horses.

"Good day, gentlemen," said Dolokhov loudly and clearly.

There was a stir among the officers in the shadow beyond the fire. One tall, long-necked officer walked around the fire to Dolokhov.

"Is that you, Clement?" he asked. "Where- -" but seeing that he had made a mistake, he broke off short, and with a frown, greeted Dolokhov as a stranger.

"My companion and I are trying to overtake our regiment," answered Dolokhov. "Do any of you know anything of the Sixth Regiment?"

None of them knew anything, and Petya thought the officers were beginning to look at him and Dolokhov with suspicion. For some seconds all were silent.

"If you were counting on the evening meal, you have come too late," said a voice, from behind the fire, with a laugh.

"We are not hungry. We must push on farther tonight," Dolokhov answered.

He handed the horses over to the soldier who was stirring the pot and squatted down on his heels by the fire beside the long-necked officer. The officer did not take his eyes from Dolokhov and again asked to what regiment he belonged. Dolokhov, as if he had not heard the question, did not reply. He lighted a short French pipe which he took from his pocket and began asking the officer if the road before them was safe from Cossacks.

"Those robbers are everywhere," replied an officer from behind the fire.

"The Cossacks are only a danger to stragglers such as we are," remarked Dolokhov. "They probably would not dare to attack a large body."

No one replied.

Well, now he'll come away," thought Petya every moment as he stood by the campfire listening to the talk.

Dolokhov asked how many men there were in the group and how many prisoners they had taken. Asking about the prisoners with a careless air, Dolokhov said:

"Bad business dragging them about. It would be better to shoot such rabble." And he burst into loud laughter, so strange that Petya thought the French would at once see through their disguise.

No one said a word, and a French officer whom they could not see rose and whispered something to a companion. Dolokhov got up and called to the soldier who was holding their horses.

"Will they bring our horses or not?" thought Petya, drawing nearer to Dolokhov.

The horses were brought.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Dolokhov.

Petya wished to say "Good Night" but his body was trembling so much that he could not say a word. The officers were whispering together. Dolokhov was a long time mounting his horse, which would not stand still. Then he rode out of the yard at a foot-pace. Petya rode beside him, longing to look around to see whether or not the French were running after them, but not daring to.

Coming out onto the road, Dolokhov did not ride back across the open country but through the village. At one spot he stopped and listened.

"Do you hear?" he whispered.

Petya recognized the sound of Russian voices and saw the dark figures of Russian prisoners round their campfire. They rode past the sentinel, who did not say a word, and so on to the hollow where the Cossacks awaited them.

"Well now, good-bye. Tell Denisov, 'At the first shot at daybreak'," said Dolokhov.

He was about to ride away, but Petya seized him.

"Really!" he cried, "You're such a hero! Oh! how fine, how splendid! How I love you!"

"All right, all right," said Dolokhov, but Petya did not let go, and Dolokhov saw through the gloom that Petya was bending toward him and wanted to kiss him. Dolokhov kissed him, laughed, turned his horse, and vanished into the darkness.

Having returned to the watchman's hut, Petya found Denisov in the passage. He was awaiting Petya's return anxiously.

"Thank goodness!" he said, listening to Petya's breathless story. "But the devil take you. I haven't slept because of it! Well, now you are safe. Lie down. We can still get a nap before morning."

"But- -no," said Petya, "I don't want to sleep yet. I know myself; if I fall asleep, it's finished. And then I am used to not sleeping before a battle."

He sat awhile in the hut, joyfully remembering the events of the evening. He pictured to himself what would happen the next day. At last he was really having some adventures! Noticing that Denisov was asleep, he rose and slipped out into the night.

PETYA BECOMES A HERO

Petya Rostov was happier than he had ever been. Since he had been in the army, he had been trying to find a place where heroic adventures were taking place. Tonight he had gone with Dolokhov into the very camp of the French to get information about their troops. Though his heart had been in his mouth during the daring visit, he was proud that he had behaved as a Russian and an officer should.

He was still too excited about his first adventure and the coming battle tomorrow to think of sleep. He wandered about outside the hut that served as quarters for the officers. It was quite dark. The rain was over, but drops were still falling from the trees. Near the hut the black shapes of the Cossacks' shanties and of horses fastened together could be seen. Behind were wagons with their horses beside them in the hollow. The dying campfire gleamed.

Here and there, amid the sound of falling drops and munching of the horses near by, could be heard low voices which seemed to be whispering. Petya peered into the darkness and went up to the wagons. Someone was snoring under them. Petya recognized his own horse and called to him.

"Well, we'll do some service tomorrow," said he, sniffing its nostrils and kissing it.

"Why aren't you asleep, sir?" said a Cossack who was sitting under a wagon.

"Oh, ah Likhachev- -isn't that your name? Do you know I have only just come back! We've been into the French camp!"

Petya told the Cossack all about his ride and why he thought it better to risk his life than to act "just anyhow".

"Well, you should get some sleep now," said the Cossack.

"No, I am used to this," said Petya. "I say, aren't the flints in your pistol worn out? I brought some with me. Don't you want any? You can have some."

The Cossack bent forward from under the wagon to get a good look at Petya.

"Because I always do everything properly," said Petya. "Some fellows do things just anyhow, without planning, and then they're sorry for it afterwards. I don't like that."

"Just so," said the Cossack.

"Oh yes, another thing! Please, my dear fellow, will you sharpen my saber for me? It's got bl..." (Petya feared to tell a lie, and the saber had never been sharpened.) "Can you do it?"

"Of course, I can."

Likhachev got up, rummaged in his pack, and soon Petya heard the warlike sound of steel on whetstone. He climbed onto the wagon and sat on its edge. The Cossack was sharpening the saber under the wagon.

"I say, are the lads asleep?" asked Petya.

"Some are, and some aren't, like us."

"Well, and that boy?"

"The French boy? Oh, he's thrown himself down in the passage. He's fast asleep after his fright. He was that glad!"

After that Petya was silent for a long time, listening to the sounds. He heard footsteps in the darkness and saw a black figure.

"What are you sharpening?" asked a man coming up to the wagon.

"Why, this gentleman's saber."

"That's right," said the man, whom Petya took to be an hussar.

"Was the cup left here?"

"There, by the wheel." The hussar took the cup.

"It must be daylight soon," said he, yawning, as he went away.

Petya ought to have known that he was in a forest with Denisov's band, less than a mile from the road, sitting on a wagon captured from the French. He should have known that Likhachev was sitting under the wagon sharpening his saber- -that the big dark blotch to the right was the watchman's hut and that the red blotch below was the dying campfire. But he neither knew nor wanted to know anything of all this.

Petya was in a fairy kingdom, where nothing was real. The big dark blotch might really be the watchman's hut, or it might be a cavern leading to the depths of the earth. Perhaps the red spot was a fire, but it might be the eye of an enormous monster. Perhaps he was sitting on a wagon, but it might very well be a terribly high tower from which if he fell, he would have to fall for a whole day or a whole month, or go on falling and never reach the bottom.

It might be Lichachev, a Cossack, who was sitting under the wagon, but it might be the kindest, bravest, most wonderful, most splendid man in the world. It might have been that the hussar who came for water went back into the hollow, but perhaps he simply vanished- -disappeared altogether and turned into nothingness!

Nothing Petya could have seen now would have surprised him. He was in a fairy kingdom where everything was possible.

He looked up at the sky. The sky, like the earth, was a fairy kingdom. It was clearing, and over the tops of the trees clouds were swiftly sailing, as if unveiling the stars. Sometimes a clear, black sky appeared. Sometimes it looked as if the black spaces were clouds. Sometimes the sky seemed to be riding high overhead, and then it seemed so low that one could touch it with one's hand.

Petya's eyes began to close, and he swayed a little.

The trees were dripping. Quiet talking was heard. The horses neighed and jolted one another. Someone snored.

"Ozzzzz-Ozzzzz..." hissed the saber against the whetstone. Suddenly Petya heard a wonderful orchestra playing some unknown, sweetly solemn hymn. Petya was as musical as Natasha, but he had never learned music or even thought about it. The melody that came so unexpectedly to his mind seemed to him fresh and lovely.

The music grew louder. There were many instruments playing. The melody grew stronger and passed from one instrument to another. Each one - now it sounded like a violin - now a horn, but better and sweeter than violin or horn, played its own part. Before it finished, the melody floated to the next instrument that began almost the same air. Then they all blended into one and became solemn church music, now something stirring and exciting.

"Oh, why, was it a dream? Petya said to himself as he lurched forward. "It's still in my ears. But perhaps it's music of my own. Well, go on, my music, now!"

He closed his eyes, and from all sides, as if from a distance, sounds whispered, grew into melodies, separated, blended, and again all mingled into the same sweet and solemn hymn.

"Oh, this is delightful! As much as I like and as I like!" said Petya to himself. He tried to conduct that enormous orchestra.

"Now softly, softly, die away!" And the sounds obeyed him. "Now fuller and more joyful. Still more and more joyful!" From an unknown depth rose the sounds.

"Now voices join in!" ordered Petya. And at first from afar he heard men's voices and then women's. The voices grew stronger, like a

mighty choir. Petya listened to their beauty in awe and joy.

With a solemn march there mingled a song, the drip of rain from the trees, and the hissing of the saber--and again the horses jolted one another and neighed, not disturbing the choir but joining in it.

Petya did not know how long this lasted. He enjoyed himself all the time, wondered at his pleasure, and regretted that Natasha could not share his joy. He was awakened by Likhachev's kindly voice.

"It's getting light, it's really getting light!" he exclaimed.

The horses that had just been dark forms could now be seen to their very tails. A watery light showed itself through the bare branches. Petya shook himself, jumped up, took a silver ruble from his pocket, and gave it to Likhachev for sharpening the saber. He flourished the saber, tested it, and put it in its sheath. The Cossacks were untying their horses and tightening their saddle reins.

"And here's the commander," said Likhachev.

Denisov came out of the watchman's hut and, having called Petya, gave orders to get ready.

The men picked their horses in the darkness, tightened their saddle girths, and formed companies. Denisov stood by the watchman's hut giving final orders. The infantry passed along the road and quickly disappeared amid the mist of the dawn. Hundreds of feet were splashing through the mud.

Petya held his horse by the bridle, anxious for the order to mount. His face, having been bathed in cold water, was all aglow, and his eyes were unusually brilliant. Cold shivers ran down his spine, and his whole body throbbed.

"Well, is everything ready?" asked Denisov. "Bring the horses."

The horses were brought. Petya put his foot in the stirrup. His horse, as always, made as if to nip his leg, but Petya did not notice. He leaped quickly into the saddle and rode up to Denisov.

"Entrust me with some command! Please!" said he.

Denisov seemed to have forgotten Petya was there. He turned to glance at him. "I ask one thing of you," he said sternly, "to obey me and not to shove yourself forward anywhere!"

He did not say another word to Petya but rode in silence all the way. When they had come to the edge of the forest, it was growing light over the hollow. Denisov talked in whispers with the officers, and the Cossacks rode past Petya and Denisov. Slipping and sliding, the horses descended into the ravine. Petya and Denisov followed them.

Petya's pulse grew louder and louder. His body grew lighter and lighter as he rode toward the valley. Denisov looked back and nodded to a Cossack.

"The signal," said he.

The Cossack raised his arm and a shot rang out. In an instant the tramp of horses galloping forward was heard. Shouts came from all sides, and then still more shouts.

At the first sound of tramping hoofs and shouting, Petya lashed his horse, and galloped forward, not heeding Denisov who shouted at him. It seemed to Petya that at the moment the shot was fired, it suddenly became as bright as noon.

Petya galloped to the bridge. Cossacks were galloping along the road in front of him. In front of them soldiers, probably Frenchmen, were running from right to left across the road. One of them fell in the mud under his horse's feet.

Cossacks were crowding about the hut, busy with something. From the midst of that crowd, terrible screams arose. Petya galloped up, and the first thing he saw was the pale face and trembling jaw of a Frenchman clutching the handle of a lance that had been aimed at him.

"Hurrah! - -Lads - -Ours!" shouted Petya, and giving rein to his excited horse, he galloped forward along the village street.

He could hear shouting ahead of him. Cossacks, hussars, and ragged Russian prisoners, who had come running from both sides of the road, were loudly shouting something he could not understand. A gallant-looking Frenchman in a blue overcoat, capless, and with a frowning, red face, had been defending himself against the hussars. When Petya galloped up, the Frenchman had already fallen.

"Too late again!" flashed through Petya's mind. He galloped on to the place from which the rapid firing could be heard. He was determined to take part in some action.

The shots he had heard came from the yard of the landowner's house he had visited the night before with Dolokhov. The French were making a stand there, behind a fence, in a garden overgrown with bushes. They were firing at the Cossacks who crowded at the gateway. Through the smoke, as he neared the gate, Petya saw Dolokhov, whose face was of a pale-greenish color. He was shouting to his men:

"Go round! Wait for the infantry!"

"Wait? Hurrah - -ah-ah!" shouted Petya, and without pausing a moment, he galloped toward the sounds of firing and the thickest smoke.

A volley was heard, and some bullets whistled past. The Cossacks and Dolokhov galloped after Petya into the gateway of the courtyard. In the dense, wavering smoke the French threw down their arms and ran out of

the bushes to meet the Cossacks, while others ran down the hill toward the pond.

Petya was galloping along the courtyard, but instead of holding the reins, he waved both his arms about wildly and strangely, slipping farther and farther to one side of his saddle. His horse, having galloped up to a campfire that was smoldering in the morning light, stopped suddenly, and Petya fell heavily to the wet ground. The Cossacks saw that his arms and legs jerked rapidly though his head was quite motionless. A bullet had pierced his skull.

A senior French officer, with a white handkerchief tied to his sword, came out of the house and announced that they surrendered. Dolokhov dismounted and went up to Petya, who lay motionless with outstretched arms.

"Done for," he said with a frown and went up to the gate to meet Denisov who was riding toward him.

"Killed?" cried Denisov, recognizing from a distance the lifeless attitude- -very familiar to him- -in which Petya was lying.

Denisov rode up to Petya, dismounted, and with trembling hands turned toward himself the bloodstained, mud-spattered face which had already gone white.

Tears rolled down Denisov's face as he knelt by this boy who had given his life for his Emperor and his country.

"I am used to something sweet. Raisins, fine ones- - take them all!" He recalled Petya's words:

"Let me into the very chief- - I don't want a reward- -"

The war came to an end at last. Weary soldiers straggled homeward. They found Petya's beloved Moscow in ruins. Gone were many of its shrines, its churches, its homes, its riches, and its brave young men. The war had taken a heavy toll of life and property in Russia, but despite these losses there remained an inner strength that was indestructable. The beloved fatherland, for which Petya had so gladly given his life, was safe.

The churches that had been spared were reopened for services. New timber covered the gapping holes. New buildings replaced the old. The recent battlefields lay quietly beneath a bright carpet of new grain. Life in Russia went on much as before the war.

Natasha married her old friend Pierre. They lived quite happily with their four children in Moscow, Petersburg, and at their country estate. Natasha spent all her time with her family—her husband, her children, her mother, Sonya, and Nicholas. There was no longer time for the balls and parties she had once enjoyed so much. Her jewels were laid aside until the time would come for her to introduce her own young daughters to Russia's fashionable society.

Nicholas Rostov returned home and married Princess Mary, the sister of Prince Andrew, with whom Natasha had danced at her first grand ball. The old count having quietly died, the countess and Sonya lived at Bald Hills with Nicholas.

Farming became Nicholas' sole and favorite pastime. The serfs especially interested him. At first he only pretended to direct them. Only when he knew their aims, what they considered good and bad, had learned to talk their language, and felt akin to them, did he begin to manage them.

He was as careful of the sowing and the reaping of the peasant's hay and corn as of his own, and few landowners had their crops sown and harvested so early and so well, or got such a good return as did Nicholas.

He loved our "Russian peasants" with his whole soul. Serfs came from neighboring estates to beg him to buy them. "He was master- -the peasants'affairs first, then his own," the peasants said of him.

At times Nicholas' large home at Bald Hills was filled with gaiety. Relatives and old friends would come with as many as sixteen horses and dozens of servants to stay for months. Four times a year, on the name days and the birthdays of the hosts, as many as a hundred visitors would gather for a day or two.

At other times life at Bald Hills moved quietly on with its everyday tasks, its breakfasts, its lunches, its dinners, and its suppers, all provided out of the produce of the estate.

Peace had come again to Russia.

Russian Words are Pronounced In This Way

Miss Elizabeth Moos, Executive Secretary of the Committee on Education of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, Inc., supplied the following guide to aid you in pronouncing the Russian words.

The vowels in Russian differ from ours. If you follow the rules given below and pronounce the words, otherwise, exactly as spelled, you will be giving the correct pronunciation.

Pronunciation

o like a in call

a like a in are

e like ye in yes

i like i in it

ch aspirated like ch in church

Anisya.	An - eés - ya
balalayka	ba - la - lí - ka (i like i in mile)
Boris	Bo - rées
borzoi.	bor - zóy
Circassian.	Cir - cáz - i - an
Cossack	Co - zák
cotillion (French).	co - tee - yon
Denisov	Den - ee - sóv
Dolokhov.	Dol - o - chów
hussar.	hoo - zár
icon.	ee - kón

Kosoy	Kos -óy
Kremlin	Krém - lin
Kutuzov	Koo - too - zóv
Likhachev	Lich - a - chev (second ch as in choose)
Malasha	Mal - ásh - a
Marya Dmitrievna	Mar - ee - a Dmít - ri - ev - na
Melyukov	Mel - yú - kov
Moscow	Mós - cow
Natalia	Na - tal - ya
Natasha	Na - tá - sha
Otradnoe	Ot - rád - no - e
Peronskaya	Per - on - ská - ya
Petya	Pe' - tya
polonaise (French)	(like mayonaise)
Rostov	Ro - stóv
ruble	rúbl
Schoss	(as in English)
Sonya	Són - ya
Tartar	Ta - tár
Tolstoy	Tol - stóy
troyka	tróy - ka
Tsar	(as spelled)
ulyulyu	(as spelled - no accent)
vodka	vód - ka
Vyazma	Vya - zma
Zakhar	Za - char

CHAPTER IV

VALIDATION OF THE CRITERIA

Introduction

Chapters II and III of this thesis have been concerned with the first two aspects of the problem:

I. The development of an instrument that might be used in the adaptation of Russian literature for use with children.

II. The use of the instrument in writing such stories.

Chapter IV is concerned with the third aspect of the problem i.e., the validation of the criteria through use of the stories with children.

Use of the Adaptations With Children

A fifth and sixth grade were selected for the validation of the criteria. There were thirty-one children in the fifth grade with intelligence quotients ranging from eighty to one hundred fifty, and with reading grade placements ranging from fifth grade no months to ninth grade fifth month, as shown by results of the Progressive Achievement Test given in March, 1946. The intelligence quotients of the twenty-eight sixth grade children ranged from seventy-four to one hundred twenty, while their reading grade placements ranged from fourth grade seventh month to eighth grade eighth month, as shown by the results of the Progressive Achievement Test given in March, 1946. At the time the stories were read, the sixth grade group was making a study of Russia. The fifth grade children had not previously studied Russia.

To provide the children with a background for the stories, the introduction for children, World Citizens, was read. Two of the adaptations were read daily to both fifth and sixth grades.

As an indication of the residue of the information acquired from the adaptations and the more permanent effect of the stories on the attitudes of the group was desired, the tests were not given until the week following the reading of the stories.

An attempt was made to remove any feeling of compulsion that might attend the testing because of grades or efforts to give the expected answer, so that in as far as possible, candid reactions to the stories might be obtained. The children were told that they did not have to answer the questions; that the test had no connection with their grades; but that their frank opinions and answers would make it possible for other stories to be written that would be of greater interest to boys and girls.

The test was administered in an endeavor to find something of the adequacy of the stories in the following categories: meeting the reading interests of children, providing content material on their level of comprehension, meeting the vocabulary needs of children, strengthening their feeling for the common bond of humanity, developing discrimination of the likeness and difference that exist between Russia and America, and developing sympathetic insights into Russian culture.

For some estimate of the children's interest in the stories, each was asked to check the title of his favorite story and to answer the following questions in one brief statement:

- I. What did you like most about the story?
- II. What did you like most about this group of stories?
- III. What would have improved the stories, and made you enjoy them more?

The story preferences of the group tested have been tabulated by grades and by sexes in Table I. As there was an almost equal number of each sex, the results would seem to be a fair index of the preferences of both boys and girls. Petya Becomes a Hero was the first choice of the boys of each grade, while the first choice of the girls of both grades was The Grand Ball. It is interesting to note that while The Grand Ball, a picture of social activities, was not selected by any of the boys, there were some girls in each grade who preferred Petya Becomes a Hero, the story of a battle.

Twenty-nine fifth grade children responded to the question: What did you like most about your favorite story? The reasons they gave for liking their favorite stories are shown by grades and by sexes in Table II. The more frequent replies given by the fifth grade group were: the story is exciting or thrilling, the story tells of brave deeds, and the story shows that the Russian people and the American people are alike. The sixth grade children gave more often the following reasons for their choices: the story is exciting or thrilling, the story tells of social life, the story is about war, the story tells of the Russian people, life, and customs. In the two grades the predominant influence in story selection appeared to be the quality of excitement.

The most desirable qualities of the group of stories, as designated by the children tested, may be found in Table III. The table shows the elements that were of greatest appeal to the twenty-eight fifth grade children were that the stories: tell of Russian people, life, and customs; are interesting; and are exciting and thrilling. The most pleasing qualities according to the twenty-four sixth grade children were: the stories tell of Russian people, life, and customs; the details and conversation; and they are stories of brave deeds.

Replies were given by twenty-six of the children in the fifth grade and by nineteen of the sixth grade children in answer to the question: What would have improved the stories and made you enjoy them more? The fifth grade children, as is shown in Table IV, implied more often that they: preferred the stories as they are; would like more excitement; and would like to have more details. The sixth grade, as the results show, specified more often that: they liked the stories as they are; they would have enjoyed them more if Petya had not been killed; and they would like to have more stories about Natasha. Several children did not seem to understand clearly the third question shown by such answers as: if the Russians had not been ruled by the Tsar; the way they tell their stories; and they don't like to give up anything.

It is interesting to note that, in Tables I through IV, the prevalent response given in each case by the fifth grade was in agreement with the one given more often by the group of sixth grade children, and that the responses of the children used in the validation of the stories seemed to indicate that stories of distinctive foreign cultures carry appeal for children in the upper elementary grades. Of further interest is the apparent desire for exciting events, manifested by the fifth grade children, in contrast with the sixth grade children's feeling for the characters as people. In view of the fact that only a limited number of children were used in the validation of the stories, such evidence may not be accepted as a pattern, but only as an implication of the interests of such children.

TABLE I

NUMBER OF PREFERENCES FOR EACH OF THE ADAPTED STORIES AS GIVEN BY 29 GIRLS
AND 30 BOYS IN THE FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES OF THE GROUP TESTED

	Fifth Grade			Sixth Grade			Summary		
	Girls	Boys	Total	Girls	Boys	Total	Girls	Boys	Total
Petya Becomes a Hero	3	11	14	2	10	12	5	21	26
The Grand Ball	9	0	9	7	0	7	16	0	16
Petya and the Emperor	1	1	2	2	2	4	3	3	6
Name Day at the Rostovs	3	0	3	1	1	2	4	1	5
The Wolf Hunt	1	2	3	0	2	2	1	4	5
The Boy Soldier	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	1
No. children not responding	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
No. children responding	17	14	31	12	16	28	29	30	59
No. children taking the test	17	14	31	12	16	28	29	30	59

TABLE II

REASONS FOR LIKING FAVORITE STORIES AS GIVEN BY 29 GIRLS AND 30 BOYS
IN THE FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES OF THE GROUP TESTED

	Fifth Grade			Sixth Grade			Summary		
	Girls	Boys	Total	Girls	Boys	Total	Girls	Boys	Total
Is exciting or thrilling	5	3	8	2	3	5	7	6	13
Is about war	0	2	2	1	3	4	1	5	6
Tells of social life	1	0	1	5	0	5	6	0	6
Tells of Russian people, life, and customs	0	0	0	2	2	4	2	2	4
Tells of brave deeds	1	3	4	0	0	0	1	3	4
Is happy and gay	2	0	2	1	0	1	3	0	3
Is about a hero	0	2	2	0	1	1	0	3	3
Is about sports	0	2	2	0	1	1	0	3	3
Shows that Americans and Russians are alike	2	1	3	0	0	0	2	1	3
Includes many details	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	1
Tells of dancing and gay music	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1
Is colorful	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1
Is like a fairy tale	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1
Has variety	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1
Makes the reader want to go to Russia	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1
No. children not responding	1	1	2	0	6	6	1	7	8
No. children responding	16	13	29	12	10	22	28	23	51
No. children taking the test	17	14	31	12	16	28	29	30	59

TABLE III

REASONS FOR LIKING THE GROUP OF STORIES AS GIVEN BY 29 GIRLS AND 30 Boys
IN THE FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES OF THE GROUP TESTED

	Fifth Grade			Sixth Grade			Summary		
	Girls	Boys	Total	Girls	Boys	Total	Girls	Boys	Total
Tell of Russian people, life and customs	4	3	7	0	4	4	4	7	11
Are interesting	2	3	5	1	0	1	3	3	6
Have details and conversation	2	0	2	2	1	3	4	1	5
Are exciting or thrilling	2	1	3	1	1	2	3	2	5
Are about war	1	1	2	0	1	1	1	2	3
Tell of brave deeds	0	0	0	1	2	3	1	2	3
Have picture and descriptive words	1	1	2	0	0	0	1	1	2
Are like American stories	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	2	2
Are happy and gay	1	1	2	0	0	0	1	1	2
Have interesting characters	0	0	0	2	0	2	2	0	2
Show how Russians and Americans are alike and different	0	0	0	1	1	2	1	1	2
Have feeling in them	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1
Are musical and colorful	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1
Are real	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1
Are written in a nice way	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	1
Are about just normal people	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	1
Tell about sports	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	1
Are easily understood	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	1
Tell how the Russian people feel about each other	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	1
Tell about social life	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	1
No. children not responding	2	1	3	1	3	4	3	4	7
No. children responding	15	13	28	11	13	24	26	26	52
No. children taking the test	17	14	31	12	16	28	29	30	59

TABLE IV

REASONS GIVEN FOR IMPROVING AND MAKING THE STORIES MORE ENJOYABLE AS GIVEN BY
29 GIRLS AND 30 BOYS IN THE FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES OF THE GROUP TESTED

	Fifth Grade			Sixth Grade			Summary		
	Girls	Boys	Total	Girls	Boys	Total	Girls	Boys	Total
Leave stories as they are	2	4	6	1	2	3	3	6	9
Petya should not have been killed	0	1	1	0	3	3	0	4	4
More stories about Natasha	1	0	1	2	1	3	3	1	4
More excitement	2	1	3	0	1	1	2	2	4
A greater number of stories	0	2	2	1	0	1	1	2	3
Use pictures to make it possible to see the people	1	0	1	1	1	2	2	1	3
Include more details	2	1	3	0	0	0	2	1	3
Tell more of people, customs, and clothes	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1
More humor	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	1
Less about surroundings	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1
More about sports	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1
Make them easier to understand	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1
More conversation	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1
Include some mystery	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1
Make them longer	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1
Have them about Americans	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	1
Tell more of their bravery and kindness	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	1
If Russians had not been ruled by Tsar	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	1
The way they tell their stories	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	1
They don't like to give up anything	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	1
Make them more interesting	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1
Have all stories of Russia in peace	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1
No. children not responding	4	1	5	3	6	9	7	7	14
No. children responding	13	13	26	9	10	19	22	23	45
No. children taking the test	17	14	31	12	16	28	29	30	59

The results of the tests for comprehension, vocabulary, the feeling for the common bond of humanity, discrimination of the likeness and difference between the peoples and countries of Russia and America, and the development of sympathetic insights into the Russian culture have been summarized in Table V. In preparing the totals for this Table, any question that was not answered by the children was counted as an error.

To test the children's comprehension of the stories they were asked to answer these riddles with one of these names:

Petya	Denisov	Uncle	Sonya	Count Rostov
Natasha	Nicholas	Daniel	Dolokhov	

1. I was a gay, black-eyed, curly-haired girl. I liked fun and adventure. I could dance, play the harp, and sing well. What was my name?

2. I was a guerrilla commander. I liked Petya Rostov very much. I wanted to keep him out of danger. What was my name?

3. I was a boy with a broad, merry face. I loved my Emperor and my fatherland so much that I gave my life for them. What was my name?

4. I was a handsome, gray-bearded man who lived with my serfs in a comfortable, shabby house in the country. I was fond of hunting and the music of the balalayka. What was my name?

5. I was a nobleman in the days of the Tsar. I lived with my family, other relatives, and my many serfs in a large house in Moscow. What was my name?

The fifth grade answered sixty-nine per cent of these questions correctly, and the sixth grade gave the correct answer to seventy-eight per cent of the questions. The total number of children tested answered accurately seventy-five per cent of the questions.

The following test was given to check the vocabulary. The children were asked to underline the word that correctly completes each sentence.

1. Guerrillas were (a) bands of soldiers who attacked the enemy.
(b) very old men. (c) large guns.
2. At one time the ruler of Russia was called the (a) king. (b) Tsar. (c) medicine man.
3. Tolstoy was a (a) great Russian author. (b) city in Russia.
(c) great Russian soldier.
4. Cossacks were (a) Russian soldiers who were good horsemen.
(b) gay parties. (c) high mountains.
5. In Moscow many of the government buildings, palaces, and churches were inside a walled part of the city called (a) the Kremlin. (b) the Vodka. (c) the Denisov.
6. Russia's popular three-stringed musical instrument was the (a) balalayka. (b) drum. (c) piano.
7. The swift, strong dogs used by Russian hunters to catch and kill the game were called (a) collies. (b) borzois. (c) bloodhounds.
8. The serfs were (a) the wealthy merchants. (b) the people who ruled Russia. (c) the Russian people who belonged to the noblemen.
9. A painting of a saint on a piece of wood was called (a) an icon.
(b) a poster. (c) a cameo.
10. The hussars were (a) good dancers. (b) sailors. (c) the light horse troops of the Russian army.

The tabulations in Table V show that on this test seventy-three per cent of the questions were answered correctly by the fifth grade group, and seventy-nine per cent of the questions were correctly answered by the sixth grade children. Seventy-six per cent of the questions on this test were answered correctly by the total number of children tested.

The test for the common bond of humanity is as follows:

1. If our country does not have much food, is it all right for us to keep it all, if the other people who are hungry are not Americans?
2. If you were making a trip around the world, would there be any countries you would not like to visit because you would be afraid of the people who live there?
3. Will all the nations in the world have to learn to do things as we do in America before there will be peace?
4. Should our country be friendly with countries who do not have the same kind of government we have?
5. Do you suppose that, in many ways, all the people in the world are very much alike?
6. We can do things to make life happier for the people in other countries because we are a rich nation. Could a nation that is not rich do anything for us that would make us happier?

The results of this test show that correct answers were given to seventy-eight per cent of the questions by the fifth grade group, and that the sixth grade children answered correctly eighty-eight per cent of the questions. The percentage of correct answers given by the total number tested was eighty-three.

The following is the test given to check on the children's ability to discriminate between the likeness and difference of Russia and America: Read each sentence. If it tells something about Russia, write an R before the sentence. If it tells something about America write an A before the sentence. If it tells something that is true of both America and Russia, write A and R before the sentence.

1. The government is the kind that is best for the people of that country.
2. The young men are brave and strong.
3. The country is so large that it is hot in some parts, while others are covered with ice and snow.
4. The people love music and dancing.
5. The country has large fields of grain.
6. The sections of the country, called republics, are united under one government.
7. Christmas is a gay holiday.
8. Everyone celebrates his name day.
9. The sections of the country called states, are united under one government.
10. Many different races of people live in the same country.
11. The balalayka is a favorite musical instrument.
12. The Fourth of July is a national holiday.
13. The people adore their leader.
14. The people stand in crowds to see their leader.
15. The people love their country dearly.

The tabulations of the results of this test for Table V yielded the following information: the fifth grade had given correct answers to seventy-five per cent of the questions, and the percentage of correct answers given by the sixth grade was eighty. The percentage of correct responses given by both groups was seventy-eight.

The test for sympathetic insights into Russian culture is as follows:

1. If you could speak the Russian language, would it be harder for you to work on a committee with a Russian boy than with an American boy?

2. If you had to choose between spending a month with an American family that you did not know, or with a family like the Rostovs in Russia, would you choose the American family so that you would not have to do the queer things a Russian family would do?

3. Are Americans and Russians alike in many ways?

4. If Petya Rostov were in your grade at school, would you like to have him for one of your best friends?

5. If you were having a party, would you have a better time if Natasha Rostov would come?

Here are three ways these stories may have made you feel. Put a cross mark by the one that tells how you felt:

1. Glad that you were not a Russian.

2. That the American people and the Russian people were very much alike.

3. That the Russian people had many queer customs.

The fifth grade children answered correctly eighty-one percent of these questions. Correct answers were given to eighty-seven per cent of the questions by the sixth grade children. The children in the two grades answered correctly eighty-four per cent of the questions.

The combined results of these five tests tabulated in Table V signify that: the fifth grade children had given accurate replies to seventy-five per cent of the total questions; the sixth grade children had given correct answers to eighty-two per cent of the total questions; and that seventy-eight per cent of the total number of questions on these tests had been answered correctly by the fifth and sixth grades.

TABLE V

SUMMARY OF TESTS FOR COMPREHENSION, COMMON BOND OF HUMANITY, DISCRIMINATION
OF THE LIKENESS AND DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND AMERICA
AND SYMPATHETIC INSIGHTS INTO RUSSIAN CULTURE

Test	Grade	Number of Pupils	Number of Questions	Perfect Group Score	Actual Group Score	Percentage Correct Answers	Perfect Individual Score	Actual Individual Score
Comprehension	Fifth	31	5	155	108	.69	5	3.4
	Sixth	28	5	140	110	.78	5	3.9
	Total	59	5	295	218	.73	5	3.6
Vocabulary	Fifth	31	10	310	229	.73	10	7.3
	Sixth	28	10	280	223	.79	10	7.9
	Total	59	10	590	452	.76	10	7.6
Common bond of humanity	Fifth	31	6	186	146	.78	6	4.6
	Sixth	28	6	168	149	.88	6	5.2
	Total	59	6	354	295	.83	6	4.9
Discrimination of likeness and difference	Fifth	31	15	465	351	.75	15	11.
	Sixth	28	15	420	340	.80	15	12.
	Total	59	15	885	691	.78	15	11.
Sympathetic insights into Russian culture	Fifth	31	6	186	151	.81	6	4.8
	Sixth	28	6	168	147	.87	6	5.2
	Total	59	6	354	298	.84	6	5.0
Total	Fifth	31	42	1302	985	.75	42	31.
	Sixth	28	42	1176	969	.82	42	34.
	Total	59	42	2478	1954	.78	42	32.

As a further check on insights into the Russian character, the children were asked to draw a line under the three words in the list below that they believed might best be used to tell what kind of people the Russians are.

agreeable	harsh	affectionate	brave
sincere	loyal	peculiar	stupid
treacherous	polite	dull	brutal
gay	aggressive	humorous	merciful
kind	unlawful	honorable	deceitful
loving	violent	strange	proud
musical	courteous	charming	generous
dependable	thoughtful	corrupt	

The words repeatedly designated as the most descriptive of the Russian people were in the order named: brave, gay and loyal. The lists of the nine children who checked more than three words were not counted. The complete results of this check are given in Table VI.

A review of Tables V and VI would seem to indicate that the adaptations had served their purpose sufficiently to justify their further use as a means of giving children in the upper elementary grades some insight into Russian culture.

TABLE VI

WORDS CONSIDERED MOST DESCRIPTIVE OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE AS SELECTED BY 29
GIRLS AND 30 BOYS IN THE FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES OF THE GROUP TESTED

	Fifth Grade Choices	Sixth Grade Choices	Total Choices
Brave	19	17	36
Gay	19	10	29
Loyal	2	14	16
Musical	6	5	11
Proud	2	9	11
Loving	0	6	6
Courteous	3	2	5
Polite	3	2	5
Thoughtful	1	3	4
Affectionate	2	1	3
Agreeable	1	2	3
Generous	0	2	2
Strange	2	0	2
Honorable	1	0	1
Peculiar	1	0	1
Kind	1	0	1
Treacherous	1	0	1
Charming	1	0	1
No. children checking too many	5	4	9
No. children taking the test	31	28	59

Note: Children's choice of the three words most descriptive of Russian character are given in the order named.

CHAPTER V

CONCLUSIONS AND RECOMMENDATIONS

Conclusions

Although conclusive proof is lacking because of the limited number of children used in the validation of the stories, and because of the impossibility of reducing to constants such variables as pupils' interest in Russia, it is fairly safe to assume the following:

- I. The criteria for the selection and adaptation of Russian literature for children in the upper elementary grades are both sound and practicable.
- II. The stories, adapted in terms of the criteria, capture and hold the interest of both boys and girls.
- III. The stories yield insight into the Russian character.
- IV. The stories tend to establish a friendly feeling toward Russia.

Recommendations

As a result of the use of these stories with children, followed by thoughtful consideration of the responses given in each area, it seems safe to recommend the following:

- I. The criteria should be modified in order to serve as a guide in the selection of material now current in the Soviet Union.
- II. The criteria should be studied further for the purpose of meeting the positive and the negative criticisms offered by the children tested. In general the areas needing revision are:

- A. Provision of story material that has a happy ending.
- B. Selection of material that will depict additional activities of girls.
- C. Provision of material that is exciting.
- D. Selection of material that will provide many details regarding the life, customs, work, and clothes of the Russian people.

III. In view of the increasing importance of the Soviet Union to the United States, gifted teachers should select and adapt for American children many more of the Russian classics. Among the more promising possibilities are: Pushkin's poems, *Ruslan and Ludmilla*, a poem that has all of the elements of a delightful fairy tale, *Boris Godunov*, *Tsar Saltan*, and *Poltava*; the works of the poet Lermontov and Nikolai Gogol, who have pictured in story and verse those once borderland sections of Russia, the Caucasus and the Ukraine. In Gogol's Taras Bulba, a story of the Ukrainian frontier, is found those same elements of adventure and excitement that have made the tales of our own frontier of infinite appeal to the youth of America. Stories such as these might best be presented as legends and folk tales to supplement material concerning a more universal picture of Russian life. It is important that this should be done that the young reader may not form a distorted impression of these people.

IV. The potentialities of dramatization, untouched in this study, should yield results, to both participants and audience, far beyond those derived by the mere reading or auditing of Russian stories.

V. Another source of authoritative material that would doubtless provide valuable insights into the multinational cultures of the Soviet Union would be the music and folk songs of these peoples.

VI. The desire for illustrative material, evidenced by several of the children participating in this study, might be satisfied by an

appraisal of the art of the Soviet Union and the existing visual aids relating to the Soviet Union, followed by the selection of such materials as would seem to present an authentic picture of the nation.

VII. The criteria developed in this thesis might, with certain revisions, be applied to the literature of other neglected cultures.

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APPENDIX A

PERSONNEL OF THE COMMITTEE OF EXPERTS WHO APPROVED

THE CRITERIA FOR USE IN ADAPTING RUSSIAN STORIES

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APPENDIX B

TEST SCORES OF CHILDREN TESTED COMPARED
WITH THEIR INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENTS

Fifth Grade	Intelligence Quotients	Number Correct Responses	Number Questions
Boys			
1.	80	26	42
2.	85	37	42
3.	86	29	42
4.	91	26	42
5.	92	29	42
6.	97	39	42
7.	99	28	42
8.	102	33	42
9.	103	34	42
10.	103	27	42
11.	106	20	42
12.	106	26	42
13.	109	36	42
14.	150	37	42
Girls			
15.	84	32	42
16.	94	29	42
17.	95	22	42
18.	95	30	42
19.	96	36	42
20.	96	34	42
21.	97	30	42
22.	98	38	42
23.	98	21	42
24.	100	34	42
25.	101	38	42
26.	108	38	42
27.	109	39	42
28.	116	33	42
29.	134	41	42
30.	136	40	42
31.	-	39	42

Sixth Grade	Intelligence Quotients	Number Correct Responses	Number Questions
Boys			
1.	78	21	42
2.	90	31	42
3.	96	40	42
4.	96	31	42
5.	97	33	42
6.	97	35	42
7.	98	32	42
8.	98	39	42
9.	100	32	42
10.	101	36	42
11.	101	37	42
12.	106	34	42
13.	110	36	42
14.	117	31	42
15.	117	41	42
16.	120	37	42
Girls			
17.	74	30	42
18.	89	29	42
19.	91	36	42
20.	94	28	42
21.	98	38	42
22.	100	36	42
23.	105	40	42
24.	108	40	42
25.	109	34	42
26.	111	39	42
27.	113	40	42
28.	-	40	42